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([The Poetical Works,
2. Tome:]

Paradise Regain'd.

A

P O E M.

In Four BOOKS.

To which is added

SAMSON AGONISTES.

A N D

POEMS upon several Occasions.

Compos'd at several Times.

The AUTHOR

J O H N M I L T O N.

The FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N,

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The AUTHOR
JOHN MILTON
1797. 630

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Paradise Regain'd.

B O O K I.

I Who e'er while the happy Garden sung,
 By one man's Disobedience lost, now sing
 Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
 By one man's firm Obedience fully try'd
 Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd
 In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
 And *Eden* rais'd in the waste Wilderness.

Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious Eremite
 Into the Defart, his Victorious Field
 Against the spiritual Foe, and brought'st him thence
 By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
 As thou art wont, my prompted Song else mute,

And bear through height or depth of Nature's bounds
 With prosperous wing full summ'd to tell of deeds
 Above Heroic, though in secret done,
 And unrecorded left through many an Age,
 Worthy t'have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
 More awful than the sound of Trumpet, cry'd
 Repentance, and Heaven's Kingdom nigh at hand
 To all Baptiz'd: to his great Baptism flock'd
 With awe the Regions round, and with them came
 From *Nazareth* the Son of *Joseph* deem'd
 To the flood *Jordan* came, as then obscure,
 Unmarkt, unknown; but him the Baptist soon
 Descry'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
 To him his Heavenly Office, nor was long
 His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
 Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a Dove
 The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
 From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
 That heard the Adversary, who roving still
 About the World, at that Assembly fam'd
 Would not be last, and with the voice divine

Nigh

Nigh Thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught, and rage,
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To Council summons all his mighty Peers,
Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy Consistory; and them amidst
With looks agast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient Pow'rs of Air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old Conquest, than remember Hell
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many Ages, as the years of men,
This Universe we have possess'd, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth,
Since *Adam* and his facil consort *Eve*
Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the Seed of *Eve*
Upon my head, long the decrees of Heav'n
Delay, for longest time to him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we

Must bide the stroke of that long threatn'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being.
In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air;
For this ill news I bring, the Woman's seed
Destin'd to this, is late of Woman born,
His Birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, displaying
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to atchieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is sent Harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the Consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purifi'd to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their King; all come,
And he himself among them was Baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The Testimony of Heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt; I saw
The Prophet do him reverence, on him rising
Out of the Water, Heav'n above the Clouds

Unfold her Chrystal Doors, thence on his head
A perfect Dove descend, what e'er it meant,
And out of Heav'n the Sovereign voice I hear
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.
His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire,
He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav'n,
And what will he not do to advance his Son?
His first-begot we know, and fore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep;
Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine;
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares,
E'er in the head of Nations he appear
Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruin *Adam*, and th'exploit perform'd
Succesfully; a calmer Voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once

Induces best to hope of like success.
 He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,
 Distracted and surpriz'd with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main Enterprize
 To him their great Dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
 In *Adam's* overthrow, and led their march
 From Hell's deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,
 Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea Gods
 Of many a pleasant Realm and Province wide.
 So to the Coast of *Jordan* he directs
 His easie steps; girded with snaky wiles,
 Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,
 This Man of men, attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try;
 So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
 To end his Reign on Earth so long enjoy'd:
 But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
 The purpos'd Counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt

Of

Of the most High, who in full frequency bright
Of Angels, thus to *Gabriel* smiling spake.
Gabriel this day by proof thou shalt behold,
Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
With man or mens affairs, how I begin
To verifie that solemn Message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In *Galilee*, that she should bear a Son
Great in Renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then toldst her, doubting how these things could be
To her a Virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the Power of the Highest
O'er-shadow her: this Man born and now up-grown,
To shew him worthy of his Birth Divine
And high Prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
His utmost subtilty, because he boasts
Aud vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his Apostasie; he might have learnt
Less overweening, since he fail'd in *Job*,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
What e'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a Man

Of female Seed, far abler to resist
 All his sollicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
 Winning by Conquest what the first man lost
 By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean
 To exercise him in the Wilderness,
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, e'er I send him forth
 To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
 By Humiliation and strong Sufferance:
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanick strength
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
 That all the Angels and Ætherial Powers,
 They now, and men hereafter may discern,
 From what consummate virtue I have chose
 This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
 To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and all Heav'n
 Admiring stood a space, then into Hymns
 Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov'd
 Circling the Throne and Singing, while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and Triumph to the Son of God

Now

Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.

The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial Virtue, though untry'd,
Against what e'er may tempt, what e'er seduce,
Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.

Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell,
And devillish machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in *Bethabara* where *John* baptiz'd,
Musing and much revolving in his breast,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his God-like Office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading;
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He entred now the bordering defart wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditation thus pursu'd.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once

Awaken'd

Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel my self, and hear,
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compar'd.
When I was yet a Child, no childish play
To me was pleasing, all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be publick good; my self I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The Law of God I read and found it sweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection, that e'er yet my age
Had measur'd twice six years, at our great Feast
I went into the Temple, there to hear
The Teachers of our Law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all, yet this not all
To which my Spirit aspir'd, victorious deeds
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To rescue *Israel* from the *Roman* Yoke,
Then to subdue and quel o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,

Till

Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make perswasion do the work of fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring Soul
Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware
Miss-led; the stubborn only to destroy.

These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving
By words at times cast forth inly rejoyc'd,
And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts
O Son, but nourish them and let them soar
To what heighth sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high;
By matchless Deeds express thy matchless Sire.
For know, thou art no Son of mortal man,
Though men esteem thee low of Parentage,
Thy Father is th'Eternal King who rules
All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and Sons of men,
A messenger from God fore-told thy Birth
Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he foretold
Thou should'st be great and sit on *David's* Throne,
And of thy kingdom there shall be no end.
At thy Nativity a glorious Quire

Of

Of Angels in the fields of *Bethlehem* sung
To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him, and to thee they came;
Directed to the Manger where thou lay'st,
For in the Inn was left no better room:
A Star, not seen before in Heav'n appearing
Guided the Wise Men thither from the East,
To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh, and Gold,
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heav'n,
By which they knew the King of *Israel* born.
Just *Simeon* and Prophetick *Anna*, warn'd
By Vision found thee in the Temple, and spake
Before the Altar and the vested Priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood:
This having heard, straight I again resolv'd
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ
Concerning the Messiah, to our Scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay even to the death,
E'er I the promis'd Kingdom can attain,

Or work Redemption for mankind, whose sins
Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
The time perfix'd I waited, when behold
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah and his way prepare.
I as all others to his Baptism came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
Me him (for it was shew'n him so from Heav'n)
Me him whose Harbinger he was; and first
Refus'd on me his Baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I rose out of the laving stream,
Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a Dove,
And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes

The

The Authority which I deriv'd from Heav'n.
And now by some strong motion I am led
Into this Wildernefs, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

So fpake our Morning Star, then in his rife,
And looking round on every fide beheld
A pathlefs Defart, dusk with horrid fhades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by humane fteps untrod;
And he ftill on was led, but with fuch thoughts
Accompanied of things paff and to come
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
Such Solitude before choicest Society.

Full forty days he pafs'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in fhady vale, each night
Under the covert of fome ancient Oak,
Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tafted humane food, nor hunger felt
Till thofe days ended, hunger'd then at laft
Among wild Beasts: they at his fight grew mild,
Nor fleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk

The

The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,
The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.

But now an aged man in Rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray Ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather; which might serve
Against a Winters day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from Field at Eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake.

Sir, what ill chance has brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In Troop or Caravan, for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His Carcass, pin'd with hunger and with droughth.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
Of *Jordan* honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wilde, constrain'd by want, come forth
To Town or Village nigh (nighest is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happ'ns new; Fame also finds us out.

To

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hi-
Will bring me hence, no other Guide I seek. (ther

By Miracle he may, reply'd the Swain,
What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More than the Camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born;
But if thou be the Son of God, Command
That out of these hard stones be made thee Bread;
So shalt thou save thy self and us relieve
With Food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'st thou such force in Bread? is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
Man lives not by Bread only, but each Word
Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed
Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
And forty days *Elijah* without food
Wandred this barren waste, the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom

Whom thus answer'd th' Arch Fiend now undis-
'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate, (guis'd.
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
Kept not my happy Station, but was driv'n
With them from blifs to the bottomless deep,
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous Prison I enjoy
Large Liberty to round this Globe of Earth,
Or range in th' Air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the Sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands *Uzzean Job*
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;
And when to all his Angels he propos'd
To draw the proud King *Ahab* into fraud
That he might fall in *Ramoth*, they demuring,
I undertook that Office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering Prophets glibb'd with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge.
For what he bids I do; though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost

To love, at least contemplate and admire
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence, by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in these Regions of the World,
If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and wo.
At first it may be; but long since with wo
Never acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each mans peculiar load.

Small

Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me most (what can it less) that Man,
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more.

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd.
Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns; thou com'st indeed,
As a poor miserable captive thrall,
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the Prime in Splendor, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shun'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
To all the Host of Heav'n; the happy place
Imports to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell than when in Heav'n.
But thou art serviceable to Heav'ns King.
Wilt thou impute t'obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous *Job*, then cruelly to afflict him

With all inflictions, but his patience won?
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all Oracles
By thee are giv'n, and what confest more true
Among the Nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark
Ambiguous and with double sense deluding,
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known?
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
To flie or follow what concern'd him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly giv'n the Nations up
To thy Delusions; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous, but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his Providence
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels President
In ev'ry Province, who themselves disdaining

T'ap-

T' approach thy Temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say
To thy Adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning Parasite obey'st;
Then to thy self ascrib'st the truth foretold,
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
Shalt be enquir'd at *Delphos* or else-where,
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent his loving Oracle
Into the World to teach his final will,
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious Hearts, and inward Oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembled, and this Answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But misery hath wrested from me; where
Easily canst thou find one miserable,

And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and must submit endure
Check or reproof, and glad t'escape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th'ear,
And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
And talk at least, though I despair t'attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,
Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Priest
To tread his Sacred Courts, and minister
About his Altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice
To *Balaam* Reprobate, a Prophet yet
Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,

I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not more.

He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin Air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her fullen wings to double-shade
The Defart, Fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
And now wild Beasts came forth the woods to roam.

The End of the First Book.

Paradise Regain'd.

BOOK II.

MEan while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
 At *Jordan* with the Baptist, and had seen
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
 Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
 And on that high Authority had believ'd,
 And with him talkt, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and *Simon*, famous after known,
 With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd,
 Now missing him their Joy so lately found,
 So lately found, and so abruptly gone,
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
 And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:

Sometimes

Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the Mount, and missing long;
And the great *Thisbite* who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young Prophets then with care
Sought lost *Elijah*, so in each place these
Nigh to *Bethabara*; in *Jerico*
The City of Palms, *Enon*, and *Salem* Old,
Machærus and each Town or City wall'd
On this side the broad lake *Genesaret*,
Or in *Perea*, but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of *Jordan*, by a Creek,
Where winds with Reeds and Osiers whisp'ring play,
Plain Fishermen, no greater men them call,
Close in a Cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and complaints out breath'd.
Alas, from that high hope to what relapse
Unlook'd for are we fall'n, our eyes heheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our Fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth,
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,

The

The Kingdom shall to *Israel* be restor'd:
Thus we rejoyc'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of *Israel*,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the Kings of th' Earth how they oppress
Thy chosen, to what height their pow'r unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee, arise and vindicate
Thy Glory, free thy people from their yoke,
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown,
In publick, and with him we have convers'd;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his Providence; he will not fail
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence,
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus

Thus they out of their complaints new hope resume
To find whom at the first they found unfought:
But to his Mother *Mary*, when she saw
Others return'd from Baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at *Jordan*, tidings of him none;
Within her breast, though calm; her breast, though
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd (pure,
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad,

O what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute
Hale highly favour'd, among Women blest;
While I to Sorrows am no less advanc'd,
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other Women, by the birth I bore,
In such a season born when scarce a Shed
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
From the bleak air; a Stable was our warmth,
A Manger his, yet soon enforc'd to fly
Thence into *Egypt*, till the Murd'rous King
Were dead, who fought his life, and missing fill'd
With Infant blood the streets of *Bethlehem*;
From *Egypt* home return'd, in *Nazareth*
Hath been our dwelling many years, his life

Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any King; but now
Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By *John* the Baptist, and in publick shown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice;
I look'd for some great change; to Honour? no,
But trouble, as old *Simeon* plain fore-told,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in *Israel*, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very Soul
A sword shall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,
My Exaltation to Afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine,
But where delays he now? some great intent
Conceals him; when twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself; but went about
His Father's Bus'ness; what he meant I mus'd,
Since understand; much more his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures,
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And

And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus *Mary* pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son tracing the Defart wild,
Sole but with holiest Meditations fed,
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on Earth, and mission high:
For Satan with sly preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gon
Up to the middle Region of thick Air,
Where all his Potentates in Council fate;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy
Sollicitous and blank he thus began.

Princes, Heav'ns ancient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from th' Element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd,
Pow'rs of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new trouble; such an Enemy

Is risen to invade us, whom no less
 Threatens our expulsion down to Hell;
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequency was impower'd,
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
 Far other labour to be undergon
 Than when I dealt with *Adam* first of Men,
 Though *Adam* by his Wife's allurements fell,
 However to this Man inferior far,
 If he be Man by Mother's side at least,
 With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, Graces divine,
 And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.
 Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence
 Of my success with *Eve* in Paradise
 Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
 Of like succeeding here; I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand
 Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
 With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
 At his command; when from amidst them rose

Belial,

Belial, the dissoluteſt Spirit that fell,
The ſenſualleſt, and after *Aſmodai*
The fleſhlieſt Incubus, and thus advis'd.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the faireſt found;
Many are in each Region paſſing fair
As the noon Sky; more like to Goddeſſes
Than Mortal Creatures, graceful and diſcreet,
Expert in am'rous Arts, enchanting tongues
Perſuaſive, Virgin majeſty with mild
And ſweet allay'd, yet terrible t'approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangl'd in Amorous Nets.
Such object hath the pow'r to ſoft'n and tame
Severeſt temper, ſmooth the rugged'ſt brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope diſſolve,
Draw out with credulous deſire, and lead
At will the manlieſt, reſoluteſt breaſt,
As the Magnetic hardeſt Iron draws.
Women, when nothing elſe, beguil'd the heart
Of wiſeſt *Solomon*, and made him build,
And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd,
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thy self; because of old
Thou thy self doat'dst on woman-kind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,
False titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk'dst,
In Wood or Grove by mossie Fountain side,
In Valley or green Meadow to way-lay
Some Beauty rare, *Calisto Clymene*,
Daphne, or *Semele*, *Antiopa*,
Or *Amymone*, *Syrinx*, many more
Too long, then lay'dst thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, *Neptune*, *Jupiter* or *Pan*,
Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But these haunts
Delight not all, among the Sons of Men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd

All her assaults, on worthier things intent?

Remember that *Pelleas* Conqueror,
A Youth, how all the Beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
How he firnam'd of *Africa* dismiss'd
In his prime youth the fair *Iberian* Maid.
For *Solomon* he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his State;
Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd;
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than *Solomon*, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
Of greatest things, what Woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of fond desire? or should she confident,
As sitting Queen ador'd on Beauty's Throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
T' enamour, as the Zone of *Venus* once
Wrought that effect on *Jove*, so Fables tell;
How would one look from his Majestick brow
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,

Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout,
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to rev'rent awe? for Beauty stands
In th'admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease t'admire, and all her Plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At ev'ry sudden flighting quite abasht:
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more shew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;
Rocks whereon greatest Men have often wreck'd;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wild Wilderness,
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim:
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of Spirits likest to himself in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active Scene
Of various Persons each to know his part;

Then

Then to the Defart takes with these his flight;
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
 After forty days fasting had remain'd,
 Now hungry first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd
 Wandring this woody maze, and human Food
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that Fast
 To Virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer, here; if Nature need not,
 Or God support Nature without repast
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain: so it remain
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of Famine fear no harm,
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
 Me hungry more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
 Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,

And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet;
Him thought, he by the Brook of *Cherith* stood
And saw the Ravens with their horny beaks
Food to *Elijah* bringing Even and Morn,
Though rav'nous, taught t'abstain from what they
He saw the Prophet also how he fled (brought:
Into the Defart, and how there he slept
Under a Juniper; then how awak'd,
He found his Supper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;
Sometimes that with *Elijah* he partook,
Or as a guest with *Daniel* at his Pulse.
Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his Song:
As lightly from his grassie couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,

If

If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd;
But Cottage, Herd, or Sheep-cote none he saw,
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant Grove,
With chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
Hight rooft and walks beneath, and alleys brown
That open'd in the midst a woody Scene,
Nature's own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art)
And to a Superstitious eye the haunt
Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it
When suddenly a man before him stood, (round,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in City, or Court, or Palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this Wilderness;
The fugitive Bond-woman with her Son
Out-cast *Nebaioth*, yet found here relief

By a providing Angel; all the race
 Of *Israel* here had famish'd, had not God
 Rain'd from Heav'n Manna, and that Prophet bold
 Native of *Thebes* wandring here was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat;
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus; what conclud'st thou hence?
 They all had need, I as thou see'st have none.

How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd,
 Tell me if Food were now before thee set,
 Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
 The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
 Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend,
 Hast thou not right to all Created things,
 Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee
 Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
 But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I
 Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first
 To Idols, those young *Daniel* could refuse;
 Nor proffer'd by an Enemy, though who
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold
 Nature asham'd, or better to express,

Troubl'd

Troubl'd that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the Elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honour, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade
A Table richly spread, in Regal mode,
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
And favour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,
In Pastry-built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all Fish from Sea or Shore,
Freshet, or purling Brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisite name, for which was drain'd
Pontus and *Lucrine* Bay, and *Afric* Coast.
Alas how simple, to these Cates compar'd,
Was that crude Apple that diverted *Eve*!
And at a stately side-board by the wine
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hew
Than *Ganymed* or *Hylas*, distant more
Under the Trees now trip'd, now solemn stood
Nymphs of *Diana's* train, and *Naiades*

With fruits and flow'rs from *Amalthea's* horn,
And Ladies of th' *Hesperides*, that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabl'd since
Of Fairy Damfels met in forest wide
By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*,
Lancelot or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*,
And all the while harmonious *Airs* were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes and winds
Of gentlest gale *Arabian* odours fann'd
From their soft wings, and *Flora's* earliest smells.
Such was the splendor, and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden, no interdict
Defends the touching of these Viands pure,
Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of Air, and Woods, and Springs,
Thy gentle Ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat,

To

To whom thus Jesus temp'rately reply'd:
Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who with-holds my pow'r that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a Table in this Wilderneck,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant
Array'd in Glory on my Cup t' attend:
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent:
That I have also pow'r to give thou seest,
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose

Whose

Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With that
Both Table and Provision vanish quite
With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;
Only th' importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his Temptation pursu'd.

By hunger, that each other Creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions; but wherewith to be atchiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterprize,
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of Birth,
A Carpenter thy Father known, thy self
Bred up in poverty and streights at home;
Lost in a Desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence Authority deriv'd,
What Followers, what Retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude,
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Mony brings Honour, Friends, Conquest and Realms;
What rais'd *Antipater* the Edomite,

And

And his Son *Herod* plac'd on *Juda's* Throne;
(Thy Throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me,
Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom sit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd;
Yet Wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those ancient Empires of the Earth,
In heighth of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:
But men endu'd with these, have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon and *Jephtha*, and the Shepherd lad,
Whose Off-spring on the Throne of *Judah* sat
So many Ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in *Israel* without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy Memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintus, *Fabricius*, *Curius*, *Regulus*?

For

For I esteem those names of men so poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of Kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and Realms; yet not for that a Crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the Regal Diadem,
When on his shoulders each mans burden lies;
For therein stands the Office of a King,
His Honour, Virtue, Merit and chief Praise,
That for the Publick all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King;
Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule

Cities of men, or head-strong multitudes.

Subject himself to Anarchy within,

Or lawless Passions in him which he serves.

But to guide Nations in the way of truth

By saving Doctrine, and from error lead

To know, and knowing worship God aright,

Is yet more Kingly, this attracts the Soul,

Governs the inner man, the nobler part,

That other o'er the body only reigns,

And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind

So reigning can be no sincere delight.

Besides to give a Kingdom hath been thought

Greater and nobler done, and to lay down

Far more magnanimous, than to assume.

Riches are needless then, both for themselves,

And for thy reason why they should be sought,

To gain a Scepter, oft best better miss'd

The End of the Second Book.

Para-

Paradise Regain'd.

BOOK III.

SO spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
 A while as mute confounded what to say,
 What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
 Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
 At length collecting all his Serpent wiles,
 With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
 To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
 Should Kings and Nations from thy mouth consult,

Thy

Thy Counfel would be as the Oracle
Urim and *Thummim*, thofe oraculous gems
On *Aaron's* breaft: or tongue of Seers old
Infallible; or wert thou fought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be fuch, that all the world
Could not fustain thy Prowefs, or fubfift
In battel, though againft thy few in arms.
Thefe God-like Virtues wherefore doft thou hide?
Affecting private life, or more obfcure
In favage Wildernefs, wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thy felf
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That fole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of moft erected Spirits, moft temper'd pure
Ætherial, who all pleasures elfe defpife,
All treasures and all gain efteem as dross,
And dignities and pow'rs all but the higheft?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe, the fon
Of *Macedonian Philip* had e'er thefe
Won *Asia* and the Throne of *Cyrus* held
At his difpofe, young *Scipio* had brought down
The *Carthaginian* pride, young *Pompey* quell'd

The

The *Pontic* King, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great *Julius*, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
Inglorious: But thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For Empire's sake, nor Empire to affect
For glory's sake by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The peoples praise, if always praise unmixt?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise,
They praise and they admire they know not what;
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be despis'd were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wise

Are

Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on th' Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heav'n
To all his Angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises; thus he did to *Job*,
When to extend his fame, through Heav'n and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant *Job*?
Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By Conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large Countries, and in field great Battels win,
Great Cities by assault: what do these Worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made Captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their Conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wherefoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,

Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
 Worship'd with Temple, Priest and Sacrifice;
 One is the Son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other,
 Till Conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory aught of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war, or violence;
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance; I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs with Saintly patience born,
 Made famous in a Land and times obscure;
 Who names not now with honour patient *Job*?
 Poor *Socrates* (who next more memorable?)
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest Conquerors.
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffer'd; if young *African* for fame
 His wasted Country freed from *Punic* rage,
 The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.

Shall

Shall I seek glory then, as vain Men seek
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd.
Think not so slight of glory; therein least
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and Governs, not content in Heav'n
By all his Angels glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all Sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounc'd glory he exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
And reason; since his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness and impart
His good communicable t'ev'ry soul
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is thanks,

The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
 From them who could return him nothing else,
 And not returning what would likeliest render
 Contempt instead, dishonour obloquy?
 Hard recompence, unfutable return
 For so much good, so much beneficence.
 But why should man seek glory? who of his own
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
 Who for so many benefits receiv'd
 Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
 That which to God alone of right belongs;
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
 That who advance his glory, not their own,
 Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God; and here again
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
 With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
 Insatiable of glory had lost all,
 Yet of another Plea bethought him soon.

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem,
 Worth or not worth their seeking, let it pass:
 But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
 To sit upon thy Father *David's* Throne;
 By Mother's side thy Father, though thy right
 Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part
 Easily from possession won with arms;
Judæa now and all the promis'd land,
 Reduc'd a Province under *Roman* yoke,
 Obeys *Tiberius*; nor is always rul'd
 With temp'rate sway; oft have they violated
 The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
 Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
 So did not *Machabeus*: he indeed
 Retir'd unto the Desert, but with arms;
 And o'er a mighty King so oft prevail'd
 That by strong hand his Family obtain'd,
 Tho' Priests, the Crown, and *David's* Throne usurp'd,
 With *Modin* and her Suburbs once content.
 If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal
 And Duty; Zeal and Duty are not slow;

But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait.
They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy Father's house, Duty to free
Thy Country from her Heathen servitude;
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verifie
The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign,
The happier reign the sooner it begins,
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told,
That it shall never end, so when begin
The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first

Well

Well hath obey'd; just trial e'er I merit
My exaltation without change or end.

But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting Kingdom, why art thou
Sollicitous, what moves thy inquisition?

Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd.

Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost

Of my reception into grace; what worse?

For where no hope is left, is left no fear;

If there be worse, the expectation more

Of worse torments me than the feeling can.

I would be at the worst; worst is my Port,

My harbour and my ultimate repose,

The end I would attain, my final good.

My error was my error, and my crime

My crime; whatever for it self condemn'd,

And will alike be punish'd; whether thou

Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow

Willingly I could flie, and hope thy reign,

From that placid aspect and meek regard,

Rather than aggravate my evil state,

Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell,)
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest both to thy self and all the world,
That thou who worthiest art should'st be their King?
Perhaps thou lingrest in deep thoughts detain'd
Of th'enterprize so hazardous and high;
No wonder, for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, consider
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce view'd the *Gallilean* Towns,
And once a year *Jerusalem*, few days
Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe?
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and Monarchs, and their radiant Courts,
Best school of best experience, quickest in sight
In all things that to greatest Actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever
Tim'rous and loth, with novice modesty,

(As

(As he who seeking Asses found a Kingdom)

Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous:

But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit

Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes

The Monarchies of th' Earth, their pomp and state,

Sufficient introduction to inform

Thee, of thy self so apt, in regal Arts,

And regal Mysteries, that thou may'st know

How best their opposition to withstand.

With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a Mountain high.

It was a Mountain at whose verdant feet

A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide

Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,

Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between

Fair Champain with less rivers intervein'd,

Then meeting join'd their Tribute to the Sea,

Fertil of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine,

With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills

Huge Cities and high tow'r'd, that well might seem

The seats of mightiest Monarchs, and so large

The Prospect was, that here and there was room

For barren desert fountainless and dry.

To

To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest and field, and flood, Temples and Tow'rs
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
Assyria and her Empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the *Caspian* lake, thence on
As far as *Indus* East, *Euphrates* West,
And oft beyond; to South the *Persian* Bay,
And inaccessible th' *Arabian* drouth:
Here *Ninevee*, of length within her wall
Sev'ral days journey, built by *Ninus* old,
Of that first golden Monarchy the feat,
And feat of *Salmanassar*, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There *Babylon* the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy Father *David's* house
Led captive, and *Jerusalem* laid waste,
Till *Cyrus* set them free; *Persepolis*
His City there thou seest, and *Bactra* there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,
And *Hecatompylos* her hundred gates,

There

There *Susa* by *Choaspes*, amber stream,
The drink of none but Kings; of later fame
Built by *Emathian*, or by *Parthian* hands,
The great *Seleucia*, *Nicibis*, and there
Artaxata, *Teredon*, *Tesiphon*,
Turning with easie eye thou may'st behold.
All these the *Parthian*, now some Ages past,
By great *Arsaces* led, who founded first
That Empire, under his dominion holds
From the luxurious Kings of *Antioch* won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great pow'r; for now the *Parthian* King
In *Ctesiphon* hath gather'd all his Host
Against the *Scythian*, whose incursions wild
Have wasted *Sogdiana*; to her aid
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what Martial equipage
They issue forth, Steel Bows, and shafts their arms
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;
All Horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike Muster they appear,
In Rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings.

He

He lookt and saw what numbers numberless
The City gates out-pour'd, light armed Troops
In coats of Mail and Military pride;
In Mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
Of many Provinces from bound to bound;
From *Arachosia*, from *Gandaor* East,
And *Margiana* to the *Hircanian* cliffs
Of *Caucasus*, and dark *Iberian* dales,
From *Atropatia* and the neighb'ring plains
Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South
Of *Susiana*, to *Balsara's* hav'n.
He saw them in their forms of battel rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp fleet of arrowy show'r against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown,
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight;
Chariots or Elephants endorst with Tow'rs
Of Archers, nor of lab'ring Pioneers
A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill,

Or

Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries,
And Waggon's fraught with Utenfils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a Camp,
When *Agrican* with all his Northern pow'rs
Besieg'd *Albracca*, as Romances tell;
The City of *Gallaphrone*, from thence to win
The fairest of her Sex *Angelica*
His daughter, fought by many Prowest Knights,
Both *Paynim*, and the Peers of *Charlemane*.
Such and so numerous was their Chivalry;
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not ev'ry way secure
On no flight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and shewn
All this fair fight; thy Kingdom though foretold
By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
Endeavour, as thy Father *David* did,
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means,

With-

Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wert possess'd of *David's Throne*
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or *Jew*; how could'st thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
Between two such enclosing enemies
Roman and *Parthian*? therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own, the *Parthian* first
By my advice, as nearer and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings
Antigonus, and old *Hyrceanus* bound,
Maugre the *Roman*: it shall be my task
To render thee the *Parthian* at dispose;
Chuse which thou wilt by conquest or by league.
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In *David's* royal Seat, his true Successor,
Deliv'rance of thy brethren, those ten Tribes
Whose off-spring in his Territory yet serve
In *Habor*, and among the *Medes* dispers'd
Ten Sons of *Jacob*, two of *Joseph* lost
Thus long from *Israel*; serving as of old

Their

Their Fathers in the land of *Egypt* serv'd,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the Throne of *David* in full glory,
From *Egypt* to *Euphrates* and beyond
Shalt reign, and *Rome* or *Cæsar* not need fear.

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
And fragile arms, much instrument of war
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine Eyes thou hast set; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
Plausible to the World, to me worth naught.
Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne:
My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off) is not yet come;
When that comes think not thou to find me slack
On my part aught endeav'ring, or to need
Thy politick maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of War there shewn me, argument

Of human weakness rather than of strength.
My Brethren, as thou call'st them; those ten Tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full Scepter sway
To just extent over all *Israel's* Sons;
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For *Israel*, or for *David*, or his Throne,
When thou stood'st up his Tempter to the pride
Of numb'ring *Israel*, which cost the lives
Of threescore and ten thousand *Israelites*
By three days Pestilence? such was thy zeal
To *Israel* then; the same that now to me.
As for those captive Tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship Calves, the Deities
Of *Egypt*, *Baal* next and *Ashtaroth*,
And all th'Idolatries of Heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themselves or penitent besought
The God of their Fore-fathers; but so dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce

From

From Gentils, but by Circumcision vain,
And God with Idols in their worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their ancient Patrimony,
Unhumbl'd, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow; and to their Gods perhaps
Of *Bethel* and of *Dan*? no, let them serve
Their enemies, who serve Idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Remembring *Abraham*, by some wond'rous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave th' *Assyrian* flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste,
As the Red Sea and *Jordan* once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land their Fathers pass'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them.

So spake *Israel*'s true King, and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falshood contends.

The End of the Third Book.

Paradise Regain'd.

B O O K IV.

PErplex'd and troubled at his bad success
 The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
 Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his
 So oft, and the persuasive Rhetoric (hope,
 That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on *Eve*,
 So little here, nay lost; but *Eve* was *Eve*,
 This far his over-match, who self deceiv'd
 And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
 The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
 But as a man who had been matchless held
 In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,

To

To save his credit, and for very spight
Still will be tempting him who foys him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-presses where sweet must is powr'd,
'Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever; and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er though desp'rate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the Western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long but in breadth not wide,
Wash'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills
That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men
From cold *Septentrion* blasts, thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an Imperial City stood,
With Tow'rs and Temples proudly elevate

On sev'n small Hills, with Palaces adorn'd,
Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,
Statues and Trophies, and Triumphal Arcs,
Gardens and Groves presented to his eyes,
Above the heighth of Mountains interpos'd.
By what strange Parallax or Optick skill
Of vision multiply'd through Air, or Glafs
Of Telescope, were curious to enquire:
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

The City which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious *Rome*, Queen of the Earth
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich
Of Nations; there the Capitol thou seest
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the *Tarpeian* rock, her Cittadel
Impregnable, and there Mount *Palatine*
Th' Imperial Palace, compass huge, and high
The Structure, skill of noblest Architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and Terrases, and glitt'ring Spires.
Many a fair Edifice besides, more like
Houses of Gods (so well I have dispos'd
My Aery Microscope) thou may'st behold

Outside

Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers
In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold.
Thence to the Gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,
Pretors, Proconsuls to their Provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of State;
Lictors and rods the ensigns of their pow'r,
Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse and wings:
Or Embassies from Regions far remote
In various habits on the *Appian* road,
Or on th' *Emilian*, some from farthest South,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic Isle, and more to West,
The Realm of *Bocchus* to the Black-moor Sea;
From th' *Asian* Kings and *Parthian* among these,
From *India* and the golden *Chersoness*,
And utmost *Indian* Isle *Taprobane*,
Dusk faces with white filken Turbants wreath'd;
From *Gallia*, *Gades*, and the *Brittish* West,
Germans and *Scythians*, and *Sarmatians* North
Beyond *Danubius* to the *Tauric* Pool.
All Nations now to *Rome* obedience pay,

To *Rome's* great Emperor, whose wide domain
 In ample Territory, wealth and pow'r,
 Civility of manners, Arts, and Arms,
 And long Renown thou justly may'st prefer
 Before the *Parthian*; these two Thrones except,
 The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the fight,
 Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd;
 These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
 The Kingdoms of the World, and all their glory.
 This Emp'ror hath no Son, and now is old,
 Old and lascivious, and from *Rome* retir'd
 To *Capreæ* an Island small but strong
 On the *Campanian* shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
 Committing to a wicked Favourite
 All publick cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 Hated of all, and hating; with what ease
 Indu'd with Regal Virtues as thou art,
 Appearing and beginning noble deeds,
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his Throne
 Now made a stye, and in his place ascending
 A victor, people free from servile yoke?
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the pow'r

Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.

Aim therefore at no less than all the world,
Aim at the highest, without the highest attain'd
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long
On *David's* Throne, he prophesy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
Nor doth this grandeur and majestick show
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of Arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
On *Cittron* tables or *Atlantic* stone,
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of *Setia*, *Cales*, and *Falerne*,
Chios and *Creet*, and how they quaff in Gold,
Crystal and Myrrhine cups imboss'd with Gems
And studs of Pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst
And hunger still: then Embassies thou shew'st
From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,
But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk
Of th' Emperor, how easily subdu'd,

How gloriously ; I shall, thou say'st, expel,
 A brutish monster: what if I withal
 Expel a Devil who first made him such?
 Let his tormenter Conscience find him out,
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
 That People victor once, now vile and base,
 Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
 Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
 But govern ill the Nations under yoke,
 Peeling their Provinces, exhausted all
 By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood enur'd
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd,
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
 And from the daily Scene effeminate.
 What wise and valiant Man would seek to free
 These thus degen'rate, by themselves enslav'd,
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
 Know therefore when my season comes to fit
 On *David's* Throne, it shall be like a tree,
 Spreading and overshad'wing all the Earth,
 Or as a Stone that shall to pieces dash

All

All Monarchies besides throughout the World,
And of my Kingdom there shall be no end:
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd.
I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st:
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict:
On th'other side know also thou, that I
On what I offer set as high esteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for naught;
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
The Kingdoms of the World to thee I give;
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior Lord,
Easily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter

The

Th'abominable terms, impious condition;
But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
Thou hast permission on me. It is written
The first of all Commandments, Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accurst, now more accurst
For this attempt bolder than that on *Eve*,
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.
The Kingdoms of the World to thee were giv'n,
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd,
Other donation none thou canst produce:
If giv'n, by whom but by the King of Kings,
God over all Supreme? if giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the Giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me the Son of God,
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd,

To

To whom the Fiend with fear abasht reply'd.
Be not so fore offended, Son of God;
Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men,
If I to try whether in higher fort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from men and Angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
Who then thou art whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
The tryal hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The Kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thy self seem'st otherwise inclin'd
Than to a worldly Crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When slipping from thy Mother's eye thou went'st
Alone into the Temple; there was found

Among

Among the graveſt Rabbies diſputant
 On points and questions fitting *Moses* Chair,
 Teaching not taught; the childhood ſhews the man,
 As morning ſhews the day. Be famous then
 By wiſdom; as thy Empire muſt extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world,
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
 All knowledge, is not couch'd in *Moses* Law,
 The *Pentateuch* or what the Prophets wrote,
 The *Gentiles* alſo know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by Nature's light;
 And with the *Gentiles* much thou muſt converſe,
 Ruling them by perſuaſion as thou mean'ſt,
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee hold converſation meet?
 How wilt thou reaſon with them, how refute
 Their Idolifms, Traditions, Paradoxes?
 Error by his own arms is beſt evinc'd.
 Look once more e'er we leave this ſpecular Mount
 Weſtward, much nearer by Southweſt, behold
 Where on th' *Ægean* ſhore a City ſtands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the ſoil,
Athens the eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts
And

And Eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or Suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the Olive Grove of *Academe*,
Plato's retirement, where the *Attic* Bird^{*}
Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the summer long,
There flow'ry hill *Hymettus* with the sound
Of Bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there *Ilissus* rolls
His whisp'ring stream; within the walls then view
The Schools of ancient Sages; his who bred
Great *Alexander* to subdue the World,
Lyceum there, and painted *Stoa* next:
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret pow'r
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and *Dorian Lyric* Odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind *Melesigenes* thence *Homer* call'd,
Whose Poem *Phæbus* challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians taught
In *Chorus* or *Iambic*, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd

In brief sententious precepts while they treat
 Of fate and chance, and change in human life;
 High actions, and high passions best describing:
 Thence to the famous Orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wiilded at will that fierce Democratie,
 Shook th' Arsenal and fulmin'd over *Greece*,
 To *Macedon*, and *Artaxerxes* Throne;
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heav'n descended to the low-rooft house
 Of *Socrates*, see there his Tenement,
 Whom well inspir'd the Oracle pronounc'd
 Wifest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth
 Mellifluous streams that water'd all the Schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Sirnam'd *Peripateticks*, and the Sect
Epicurean, and the *Stoic* severe;
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a King compleat
 Within thy self, much more with Empire join'd.

To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd.
 Think not, but that I know these things, or think

I know them not; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I aught; he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits,
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life,
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease,
The Stoic last in Philosophic pride,
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas what can they teach, and not mis-lead;

Ignorant

Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However many books
Wise men have said are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As Children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With Musick or with Poem, where so soon

As

As in our native Language can I find
That solace? All our Law and Story strew'd
With Hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscrib'd
Our Hebrew Songs and Harps in *Babylon*,
That pleas'd so well our Victors ear, declare
That rather *Greece* from us these arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of their Deities, and their own
In Fable, Hymn, or Song, so personating
Their Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling Epithetes thick laid
As varnish on a Harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With *Sion's* songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and God-like men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints;
Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee;
Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of Nature not in all quite lost.
Their Orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of Eloquence, Statists indeed,
And lovers of their Country, as may seem;

But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teachings
 The solid rules of Civil Government
 In their Majestic unaffected stile
 Than all the Oratory of *Greece* and *Rome*.
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
 What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it so,
 What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat;
 These only with our Law best form a King.

So spake the Son of God; but Satan now
 Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
 Kingdom nor Empire pleases thee, nor aught
 By me propos'd in life contemplative,
 Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
 What dost thou in this World? the Wilderness
 For thee is fittest place, I found thee there,
 And thither will return thee, yet remember
 What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause
 To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
 Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease

On

On *David's* Throne; or Throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
When Prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heav'n,
Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars
Voluminous, or single Characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,
Real or Allegoric I discern not,
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date perfixt,
Directs me in the Starry Rubric set.

So saying he took (for still he knew his Pow'r
Not yet expir'd) and to the Wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darknes now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night
Her shad'wy off-spring unsubstantial both,
Privation meer of light and absent day.
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind

After his aery jaunt, though hurry'd sore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades
Whose branching arms thick intertwin'd might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep; and either Tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n the Clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst
Unshaken; nor yet staid the terror there,
Infernal Ghosts, and Hellish Furies, round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou

Sat'st

Sat'ft unappal'd in calm and finlefs peace.
Thus pafs'd the night fo foul till morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly Spectres which the Fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the Sun with more effectual beams
Had chear'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm fo ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The Prince of darkness, glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage,
And mad despight to be fo oft repell'd.
Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,

Back'd on the North and West by a thick wood;
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
 And in a careless mood thus to him said.

Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
 After a dismal night; I heard the rack
 As Earth and Sky would mingle; but my self
 Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear
 As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heav'n, (them
 Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable,
 And harmless, if not wholsom, as a sneeze
 To mans less universe, and soon are gone;
 Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
 On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,
 Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they rore, and seem to point,
 They oft fore-signifie and threaten ill:
 This Tempest at this Desart most was bent;
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st,
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid
 To win thy destin'd feat, but wilt prolong
 All to the push of Fate, pursue thy way

Of gaining *David's* Throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightliest done,
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
E'er thou of *Israel's* Scepter get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus.

Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak'st of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threatening nigh, what they can do as signs
Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting

At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrifie
Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply'd:
Then hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc'd by *Gabriel* with the first I knew,
And of th' Angelic Song in *Bethlehem* field,
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born,
From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till at the Ford of *Jordan* whither all
Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
Though not to be Baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower Scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd

The Son of God, which bears no single sense;
 The Son of God I also am, or was,
 And if I was, I am; relation stands;
 All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought
 In some respect far higher so declar'd.
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
 Where by all best conjectures I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
 Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
 To understand my Adversary, who
 And what he is; his wisdom, pow'r, intent,
 By parl, or composition, truce, or league
 To win him, or win from him what I can.
 And opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, and confests have found thee
 Proof against all temptation as a rock
 Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm
 To th' utmost of meer man both wise and good,
 Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,

Another

Another method I must now begin,

So saying he caught him up, and without wing
Of *Hippogrif* bore through the Air sublime
Over the Wilderneys and o'er the Plain;
Till underneath them fair *Jerusalem*,
The holy City lifted high her Tow'rs,
And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount
Of Alabaster, top'd with Golden Spires:
There on the highest Pinnacle he set
The Son of God; and added thus in scorn:

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's house
Have brought thee, and highest plac'd, highest is best,
Now shew thy Progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thy self down; safely if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus: Also it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God; he said and stood.
But Satan smitten with amazement fell

As

As when Earth's Son *Antæus* (to compare
Small things with greatest) in *Irass'a* strove
With *Jove's Alcides*, and oft foil'd still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' Air, expir'd and fell;
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
Fell whence he stood to see his Victor fall.
And as that *Theban* Monster that propos'd
Her riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd;
That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spight
Cast her self headlong from th' *Ismenian* steep,
So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless Triumphals of his hop'd success,
Ruin, and desperation, and disinay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and strait a fiery Globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plummy Vans receiv'd him soft
From his uneasie station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe Air,

Then

Then in a flow'ry valley fet him down
On a green bank, and fet before him spread
A table of Celestial Food, Divine,
Ambrosial fruits, fetcht from the Tree of Life,
And from the fount of Life Ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh'd him weary'd, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst, and as he fed, Angelic Quires
Sung Heav'nly Anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

True Image of the Father whether thron'd
In the bosom of blifs, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, enshrin'd
In fleshly Tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the Wilderneys, whatever place,
Habite, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with God-like force indu'd
Against th' Attempter of thy Father's Throne,
And Thief of Paradise; him long of old
Thou did'st debel, and down from Heav'n cast
With all his Army, now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted *Adam*, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hath regain'd lost Paradise;

And

Aud frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For though that feat of earthly blifs be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For *Adam* and his chosen Sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-install
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be
Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star
Or Lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n trod down
Under his feet: for proof, e'er this thou feel'st
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her Gates *Abaddon* rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy Demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy Legions, yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herb of Swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep

Bound,

Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
 Hail Son of the most High, heir of both Worlds,
 Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
 Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
 Sung Victor, and from Heav'nly Feast refresh'd
 Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd
 Home to his Mother's house private return'd.

The E N D.

Samson

Samson Agonistes,

A

DRAMATICK
POEM.

The AUTHOR
JOHN MILTON.

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τραγωδία μίμησις πραγμάτων παρδαίας, &c.

*Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. Per misericordiam
& metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Grays-Inn Gate next Grays-
Inn Lane. 1705.

P O E M.
DRAMATICK

THE AUTHOR
JOHN MILTON.

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.
Tragedia est imitatio actionis serie, &c. Per misericordiam
Dei virtutes perficiuntur talibus affectionibus.

L O N D O N.
Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Grays-Inn Gate next Gray's-
Inn Lane. 1707.

*Of that sort of Dramatick Poem
which is call'd Tragedy.*

TRagedy, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other Poems: therefore said by *Aristotle* to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terrour, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in Physick things of melancholick hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, fowr against fowr, salt to remove salt humours. Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as *Cicero*, *Plutarch* and others, frequently cite out of Tragick Poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle *St. Paul* himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of *Euripides* into the Text of Holy Scripture, 1 *Cor.* 15. 33. and *Paræus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and Song between. Heretofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour *Dionysius* the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the Tyranny.



Of that sort of Dramatick Poem call'd Tragedy.

ny. *Augustus Caesar* also had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. *Seneca* the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. *Gregory Nazianzen*, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a Tragedy, which is entitl'd, *Christ suffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comick stuff with Tragick sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratifie the people. And though ancient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which *Martial* calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be Epistl'd; that *Chorus* is here introduc'd after the *Greek* manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the *Italians*. In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reason, the Ancients and *Italians* are rather follow'd, as of much more Authority and fame. The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the *Greeks Monostrophick*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antistrophe* or *Epod*, which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Musick, then us'd with the Chorus that



Of that sort of Dramatick Poem call'd Tragedy.

that fung; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanza's or Pauses, they may be call'd *Allæostropha*. Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produc'd beyond the fifth Act, of the style and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such œconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, the three Tragick Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of 24 hours.

The Argument.

SAmson *made Captive, Blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house, on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; and lastly, that this Feast was proclaim'd by the Philistins as a day of Thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian Lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the publick Officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields*

The A R G U M E N T.

yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to procure e'er long his Son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste confusedly at first; and afterward more distinctly relating the Catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistins, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.

The Persons.

Samson.

Manoa, *the Father of Samson.*

Dalila *his Wife.*

Harapha *of Gath.*

Publick Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus *of Danites.*

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

Samson

Samson Agonistes.

Samf. **A** Little onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little farther on;
 For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or shade,
 There I am wont to sit; when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
 Daily in the common Prison else enjoin'd me,
 Where I a Pris'ner chain'd, scarce freely draw
 The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
 Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
 The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
 With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
 This day a solemn Feast the people hold
 To *Dagon* their Sea-Idol, and forbid
 Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
 Their Superstition yields me; hence with leave

Retiring from the pop'lar noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind
 From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
 Of Hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
 O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
 Twice by an Angel; who at last in fight
 Of both my Parents all in flames ascended
 From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,
 As in a fiery column charioting
 His God-like presence, and from some great act
 Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham's* race?
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
 As of a person separate to God,
 Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
 Betray'd, Captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,
 Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze;
 To grind in Brazen Fetters under task
 With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
 Put to the labour of a Beast, debas'd
 Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I

Should

Should *Israel* from *Philistian* yoke deliver;
 Ask for this great deliv'rer now, and find him
 Eyeless in *Gaza* at the Mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under *Philistian* yoke;
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine Prediction: what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but thro' mine own default,
 Whom have I to complain of but my self?
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
 Under the Seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a Woman must reveal it
 O'ercome with importunity and tears.
 O impotence of mind, in body strong!
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burthensome,
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
 God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.
 But Peace, I must not quarrel with the will

Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know:
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries;
 So many, and so huge, that each apart
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
 Blind among Enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, decrepit age!
 Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool.
 In pow'r of others, never in my own;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecov'rably dark, total Eclipse
 Without all hope of day!
 O first created Beam, and thou great Word,

Let

Let there be light, and light was over all;
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
 The Sun to me is dark
 And silent as the Moon,
 When she deserts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life,
 And almost life it self, if it be true
 That light is in the Soul,
 She all in ev'ry part; why was the fight
 To such a tender ball as th'eye confin'd?
 So obvious and so easie to be quench'd,
 And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look at will through ev'ry pore?
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light;
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death,
 And bury'd; but O yet more miserable!
 My self, my Sepulchre, a moving Grave,
 Bury'd, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
 But made hereby obnoxious more

To

To all the miseries of Life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.

But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
 The tread of many feet steering this way;
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps t'insult,
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor. This, this is he; softly a while,
 Let us not break in upon him;
 O change beyond report, thought or belief!
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
 With languish'd head unpropt,
 As one past hope, abandon'd,
 And by himself given over;
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
 O'er-worn and soil'd;
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
 That Heroick, that Renown'd,
 Irresistible *Samson*? whom unarm'd (stand;
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could with-
 Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,
 Ran on imbattl'd Armies clad in Iron,

And

And weaponless himself,
 Made Arms ridiculous, useles the forgery
 Of brazen Shield and Spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean Proof;
 But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold *Ascalonite*
 Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turn'd
 Their plated backs under his heel;
 Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The Jaw of a dead Ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flow'r of *Palestin*
 In *Ramath-lechi* famous to this day:
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore
 The Gates of *Azza*, Post, and massie Bar
 Up to the Hill by *Hebron*, feat of Giants old,
 No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded so;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n.
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy Bondage or lost Sight,

Prison

Prison within Prison
 Inseparably dark?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
 The Dungeon of thy self; thy Soul [plain'd]
 (Which Men enjoying fight oft without cause com-
 Imprison'd now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light
 T'incorporate with gloomy night;
 For inward light alas
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd?
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
 For him I reckon not in high estate
 Whom long descent of birth
 Or the spear of fortune raises;
 But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
 Might have subdu'd the Earth,
 Universally crown'd with highest praises.

Sams.

Samf. I here the found of words, their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed e'er it reach my ear.

Chor. He spake, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
The glory late of *Israel*, now the grief,
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From *Eshtaol* and *Zora's* fruitful Vale
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Slave to thy Sores, apt words have pow'r to swage
The tumours of a troubl'd mind,
And are as Balm to fester'd wounds.

Samf. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their Supercription (of the most
I would be understood) in prosp'rous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head
Not to be found, though fought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have enclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwreck'd

My

My Vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
 Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful Woman; tell me, Friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a Fool
 In ev'ry street, do they not say, how well
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
 This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal: wisest Men
 Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd;
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise,
 Deject not then so overmuch thy self,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
 Why thou shouldst wed *Philistian* Woman rather
 Than of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair,
 At least of thy own Nation, and as noble.

Sams. The first I saw at *Timna*, and she pleas'd
 Me, not my Parents, that I sought to wed,
 The daughter of an Infidel; they knew not

That

That what I mention'd was of God; I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
 The Marriage on; that by occasion hence
 I might begin *Israel's* Deliverance,
 The work to which I was divinely call'd.
 She proving false, the next I took too Wife
 (O that I never had! fond wish too late,)
 Was in the Vale of *Sorec*, *Dalila*,
 That specious Monster, my accomplisht snare.
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end; still watching to oppress
Israel's Oppressors: of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I my self,
 Who vanquisht with a peal of words (O weakness!)
 Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman.

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
 The *Philistin*, thy Country's Enemy,
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
 Yet *Israel* still serves with all his Sons.

Sams. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On *Israel's* Governors, and Heads of Tribes,
 Who seeing those great acts which God had done
 Singly by me against their Conquerors

Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd
 Deliv'rance offer'd: I on th' other side
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer ;
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, till at length
 Their Lords the *Philistins* with gather'd pow'rs
 Enter'd *Judea* seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
 To set upon them what advantag'd best ;
 Mean while the men of *Judah* to prevent
 The harrafs of their Land beset me round ;
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey,
 Bound with two cords ; but cords to me were threds
 Toucht with the flame : on their whole Hoast I flew
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
 Their choicest youth ; they only liv'd who fled.
 Had *Judah* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,
 They had by this possess'd the Tow'rs of *Gath*,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve ;

But

But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love Bondage more than Liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous Liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
As their Deliv'rer; if he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*
Their great Deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless *Gideon* in pursuit
Of *Madian* and her vanquish't Kings:
And how ingrateful *Ephraim*
Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear
Defended *Israel* from the *Ammonite*,
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battel when so many dy'd
Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

Samsf. Of such examples add me to the row,
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
 But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to Men;
 Unless there be who think not God at all,
 If any be, they walk obscure;
 For of such Doctrine never was there School,
 But the heart of the Fool,
 And no man therein Doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
 As to his own edicts found contradicting,
 Then give the reins to wandring thought,
 Regardless of his Glory's diminution;
 Till by their own perplexities involv'd
 They ravel more, still less resolv'd,
 But never find self-fatisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' interminable,
 And tie him to his own prescript,
 Who made our Laws to bind us, not himself,
 And hath full right t' exempt
 Whom so it pleases him by choice
 From National obstriction, without taint

Of sin, or legal debt;

For with his own Laws he can best dispense.

He would not else who never wanted means,

Nor in respect of th'enemy just cause

To set his people free,

Have prompted this Heroick *Nazarite*

Against his vow of strictest purity,

To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride,

Unclean, unchaste.

Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down,

Though Reason here aver

That moral verdict quits her of unclean:

Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see here comes thy rev'rend Sire

With careful step, Locks white as down,

Old *Manoah*: advise

Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

Samf. Ay me, another inward grief awak'd

With mention of that name renews th'assault.

Man. Brethren and men of *Dan*, for such ye seem,

Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,

As I suppose, toward your once glory'd friend,

My Son now Captive, hither hath inform'd

Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after; say if he be here:

Chor. As signal now in low dejected state,
As earst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible *Samson*, far renown'd
The dread of *Israel's* foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duell'd their Armies rank'd in proud array,
Himself an Army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spears length. O ever failing trust
In mortal strength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,
Such a Son as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a Father in my stead?
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt

Our

Our earnest Pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand
 As Graces, draw a Scorpion's tail behind?
 For this did th' Angel twice descend? for this
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;
 Select and Sacred, Glorious for a while,
 The miracle of men; then in an hour
 Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
 Thy Foes derision, Captive, Poor and Blind,
 Into a Dungeon thrust, to work with Slaves?
 Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
 Subject him to so foul indignities,
 Be it but for honours fake of former deeds.

Samf. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father,
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
 But justly; I my self have brought them on,
 Sole Author, I, sole cause: if ought seem vile,
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A *Canaanite*, my faithless enemy.
 This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd

But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
Of *Timna* first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her height
Of Nuptial love profess, carrying it streight
To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,
And Rivals? In this other was there found
More Faith? who also in her prime of love,
Spoufal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd
Her spurious first-born; Treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flatt'ring pray'rs and sighs,
And amorous reproaches to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt
She thought to make me Traitor to my self;
Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,
With blandisht parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night

To

To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out.
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
 Might easily have shook off all her snares:
 But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
 Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
 To Honour and Religion! servile mind
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
 These raggs, this grinding, is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
 That saw not how degen'rately I serv'd.

Man. I cannot praise thy Marriage choices, Son,
 Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
 Find some occasion to infest our Foes.
 I state not that; this I am sure our Foes
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
 Their Captive, and their Triumph; thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms

To

To violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee; which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy pow'r: true; and thou bear'st
 Enough, and more the burthen of that fault;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
 This day the *Philistins* a pop'lar Feast
 Here celebrate in *Gaza*; and proclaim
 Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud
 To *Dagon*, as their God who hath deliver'd
 Thee, *Samson*, bound and blind into their hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
 So *Dagon* shall be magnify'd, and God,
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
 Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
 By the Idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
 Could have befall'n thee and thy Father's house.

Samf. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
 To *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praises high

Among

Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
 Dishonour, obloquy, and op't the mouths
 Of Idolists, and Atheists; have brought scandal
 To *Israel*, diffidence of God, and doubt
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before
 To waver, or fall off and join with Idols;
 Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
 The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife
 With me hath end; all the contest is now
 'Twixt God and *Dagon*; *Dagon* hath presum'd,
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His Deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of *Abraham*. He, be sure,
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
 But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall e'er long receive
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted Trophies won on me,
 And with confusion blank his Worshipers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these
 I as a Prophecy receive; for God, (words

Nothing

Nothing more certain, will not long defer
 To vindicate the glory of his Name
 Against all competition, nor will long
 Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,
 Or *Dagon*. But for thee what shall be done?
 Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
 Lye in this miserable loathsome plight
 Neglected. I already have made way
 To some *Philistian* Lords, with whom to treat
 About thy ransom: well they may by this
 Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge
 By pains and slav'ries, worse than death, inflicted
 On thee who now no more canst do them harm.

Sams. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the
 Of that sollicitation; let me here, (trouble
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
 And expiate, if possible, my crime,
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
 Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
 All friendship and avoided as a blab,
 The mark of fool set on his front?

But

But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
 Weakly at least, and shamefully: A Sin
 That *Gentiles* in their Parables condemn
 To their abyfs and horrid pains confin'd.

Man. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
 But act not in thy own affliction, Son;
 Repent the sin, but if the punishment
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
 And let another hand, not thine, exact
 Thy penal forfeit from thy self; perhaps
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
 Who ever more approves and more accepts
 (Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
 Than who self-rigorous chuses death as due;
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
 For self-offence, more than for God offended.
 Reject not then what offer'd means, who knows
 But God hath set before us, to return thee
 Home to thy country and his Sacred house,
 Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert

His

His farther ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd.

Samf. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? when in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of Acts indeed heroick, far beyond
The Sons of *Anack*, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearless of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
Then swell'd with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Softn'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hollow pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful Concubine who shorn me
Like a tame Weither, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shav'n and disarm'd among mine enemies.

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks
Which many a famous warrior overturns,

Thou

Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing Ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the hearts of Gods or Men,
Allure thee from the cool CrySTALLINE stream.

Samf. Where-ever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the Eastern ray, translucent, pure,
With touch ætherial of Heav'n's fiery rod
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty Champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Samf. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not com-
Against another object more enticing? (pleat
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the Foe
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, disheartn'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My Nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,
But

But to sit idle on the Household hearth,
 A burd'nous drone ; to visitants a gaze,
 Or pity'd object, these redundant locks
 Robustious to no purpose clustring down,
 Vain monument of strength ; till length of years
 And sedentary numness craze my limbs
 To a contemptible old age obscure.
 Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
 Till virmin or the draff of servile food
 Confume me, and oft invocated death
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve *Philistians* with that
 Which was expressely giv'n thee to annoy them? (gift
 Better at home lye Bed-rid, not only idle,
 Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn.
 But God who caus'd a Fountain at thy pray'r
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t'allay
 After the brunt of Battel, can as easie
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;
 And I persuade me so ; why else this strength
 Mirac'lous yet remaining in those locks?
 His might continues in thee not for naught,

Nor

Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Sams. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
That these dark Orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial Spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of her self;
My Race of Glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions which proceed
From anguish of the mind and humours black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a Father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransome, or how else: mean while be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

Sams. O that torment should not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and fores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast and reins;
But must secret passage find
To th' inmost mind,

There exercise all his fierce accidents,
 And on her purest spirits prey,
 As on entrails, joints and limbs
 With answerable pains, but more intense,
 Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me
 As a lingring disease,
 But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
 Nor less than wounds immedicable
 Rankle, and fester, and gangreen,
 To black mortification.

Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
 Dire inflammation which no cooling herb
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage.
 Nor breath of Vernal Air from snowy *Alp*.
 Sleep hath forfok and giv'n me o'er
 To death's benumming Opium as my only cure,
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
 And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursing once, and choice delight,
 His destin'd from the womb,

Pro-

Promis'd by Heav'nly message twice descending.
 Under his special eye
 Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
 He led me on to mightiest deeds
 Above the nerve of mortal arm
 Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies.
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies,
 Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
 Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
 Of fight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
 This one Prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition, speedy death,
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the Sayings of the Wise
 In ancient and in modern books enroll'd;
 Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life.
 Consolatories writ

With study'd argument, and much persuation fought
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought,
 But to th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above ;
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
 And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our Fathers, what is man !
 That thou towards him with hand so various,
 Or might I say contrarious,
 Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
 Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
 Th' Angelick orders and inferior creatures mute,
 Irrational and brute.
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,
 That wandring loose about,
 Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
 Heads without name no more remembred,
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
 To some great work, thy glory,

And

And peoples safety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidst their height of noon,
Changeſt thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard
Of higheſt favours paſt
From thee on them, or them to thee of ſervice.

Nor only doſt degrade them, or remit
To life obſcur'd, which were a fair diſmiſſion,
But throw'ſt them lower than thou didſt exalt them
Unſeemly falls in human eye, (high,
Too grievous for the trefpaſs or omiſſion,
Oft leav'ſt them to the hoſtile ſword
Of Heathen and prophane, their Carcaſſes
To dogs and fowls a prey, or elſe captiv'd:
Or to th' unjuſt tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ingateful multitude.
If theſe they 'ſcape, perhaps in poverty
With ſickneſs and diſeaſe thou bow'ſt them down,
Painful diſeaſes and deform'd,
In crude old age:
Though not diſordinate, yet cauſleſs ſuff'ring
The puniſhment of diſſolute days, in fine,
Juſt or unjuſt, alike ſeem miſerable,

For oft alike, both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,
The Image of thy strength and mighty Minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in his state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately Ship
Of *Tarsus*, bound for th'Isles
Of *Javan* or *Gadier*
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,
An Amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich *Philistian* Matron she may seem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than *Dalila* thy Wife.

Sams. My Wife, my Trayt'refs, let her not come
(near me.

Chor.

Chor. Yet on the moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd.
About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd,
Like a fair flow'r furcharg'd with dew, she weeps
And words address'd seem tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil:
But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, *Samson*,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw)
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt
Hath led me on desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate.
If aught in my ability may serve
To light'n what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my pow'r,
Though late, yet in some part to recompence
My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

Sams. Out, out *Hyæna*; these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of ev'ry woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her Husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits;
 That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd,
 With goodness principl'd not to reject
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Entangl'd with a pois'nous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off
 As I by thee, to Ages an example,

Dal. Yet hear me, *Samson*; not that I endeavour
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,
 But that on th'other side if it be weigh'd
 By it self, with aggravations not furcharg'd,
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,

I may, if possible, thy pardon find
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 In me, but incident to all our sex,
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity
 To publish them, both common female faults:
 Was it not weakness also to make known
 For importunity, that is, for naught,
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
 To what I did thou shewd'st me first the way.
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not.
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
 E'er I to thee, thou to thy self wast cruel.
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parl
 So near related, or the same of kind,
 Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not
 More strength from me, than in thy self was found.
 And what if Love, which thou interpret'st hate,
 The jealousy of Love, powerful of sway,
 In human hearts, nor less in mine tow'rd thee,
 Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable

Of

Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
 As her at *Timna*, fought by all means therefore
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
 No better way I saw than by importuning
 To learn thy secrets, get into my pow'r
 Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
 Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
 Against thee but safe custody; and hold:
 That made for me, I knew that liberty
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprizes,
 While I at home fate full of cares and fears
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
 Mine and Love's pris'ner, not the *Philistins*,
 Whole to my self, unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless at home of partners in my love.
 These reasons in Love's law have past for good,
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps,
 And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
 Be not unlike all others, not austere
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.

If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Samf. How cunningly the Sorceress displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine?
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
I led the way, bitter reproach, but true,
I to my self was false e'er thou to me,
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed: which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it, weakness to resist
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
What Murtherer, what Traitor, Paricide,
Incestuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remission.
But Love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust: Love seeks to have Love;
My love how coul'dst thou hope, who took'st the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,

Knowing

Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 For by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
 What sieges girt me round, e'er I consented;
 Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of Men,
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
 It was not Gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
 That wrought with me: thou know'st the Magistrates
 And Princes of my country came in person,
 Solicited, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,
 Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil Duty
 And of Religion, press'd how just it was
 How honourable, how glorious to entrap
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd
 Such Numbers of our Nation: and the Priest
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
 Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious
 Dishonourer of *Dagon*: what had I
 To oppose against such pow'rful Arguments?

Only

Only my love of thee held long debate;
 And combated in silence all their reasons
 With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim
 So ripe and celebrated in the mouths
 Of wisest men; that to the publick good
 Private respects must yeild; with grave authority
 Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoyning.

Samf. I thought where all thy circling wiles would
 In feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrisie. (end;
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
 I before all the daughters of my Tribe
 And of my Nation chose thee from among
 My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
 Not out of levity, but over-powr'd
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy Husband?
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profest:
 Being once a Wife, for me thou wast to leave

Parents

Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection but my own,
 Thou mine, nor theirs: if aught against my life
 Thy Country fought of thee, it fought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations,
 No more thy Country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our Country is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
 To please thy Gods thou didst it; Gods unable
 T'acquit themselves and prosecute their Foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own Deity, Gods they cannot be:
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.
 These false pretexes and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

Dal. In argument with Men a Woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Sams. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.

Let

Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, *Samson*,
 Afford me place to shew what recompence
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided; only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 T' afflict thy self in vain: though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
 Where other senses want not their delights
 At home in leisure and domestick ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which
 Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
 I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsom prison-house, t' abide
 With me, where my redoubl'd love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age
 With all things grateful chear'd, and so supply'd,
 That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.
Sams. No, no, of my condition take no care;
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
 Nor think me so unwary or accurst
 To bring my feet again into the snare

Where

Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
 Though dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toyls;
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
 No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd,
 So much of Adders wisdom I have learnt
 To fence my ear against thy Sorceries.
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
 Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldst hate me
 Thy Husband, slight me, sell me, and forgo me;
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
 Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
 And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult
 When I must live uxorious to thy will
 In perfect thraldom, how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the Lords
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
 This Gaol I count the House of Liberty
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

Dal. Let me approach at least and touch thy hand.

Sams. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that;

Bewail

Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious Women, faithful Wives:
Cherish thy hastn'd widowhood with the gold
Of Matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To pray'rs than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal Tempest never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus my self, and suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds,
On both his Wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aerie flight.
My name perhaps among the Circumcis'd
In *Dan*, in *Judah*, and the bordering Tribes,
To all posterity may stand defam'd,

L

With

With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falshood most unconjugal traduc'd.
 But in my country where I most desire,
 In *Ecron*, *Gaza*, *Asdod*, and in *Gath*
 I shall be nam'd among the famoufest
 Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flow'rs,
 Not less renown'd than in Mount *Ephraim*,
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote *Sisera* sleeping through the Temples nail'd.
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
 The publick marks of honour and reward
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judg'd to have shewn.
 At this who ever envies or repines
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifest Serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Sams. So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed

To

To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrecie, my safety, and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange
After offence returning, to regain (pow'r,
Love once posselt, nor can be easily
Repulst, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Samf. Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end.
Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit
That Woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
(Which way soever Men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, *Samson*, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit;

If any of these or all, the *Timnian* bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy Paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd
Successor in thy Bed,
Nor both so loosely disally'd
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously

Had shorn the fatal Harveſt of thy Head,
 Is it for that ſuch outward ornament
 Was lavish'd on their Sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for haſte unfinish'd, judgment ſcant,
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
 Or value what is beſt
 In choice, but ofteſt to affect the wrong?
 Or was too much of ſelf-love mixt,
 Of conſtancy no root infix'd,
 That either they love nothing, or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wiſeſt Men and beſt
 Seeming at firſt all heav'nly under virgin Veil,
 Soft, modeſt, meek, demure,
 Once joyn'd, the contrary ſhe proves, a Thorn
 Inteſtine, far within defensive arms
 A cleaving miſchief, in his way to virtue
 Adverſe and turbulent, or by her charms
 Draws him awry enſlav'd
 With dotage, and his ſenſe deprav'd
 To folly and ſhameful deeds which ruin ends.
 What Pilot ſo expert but needs muſt wreck
 Embarqu'd with ſuch a Stears-mate at the Helm?

Favour'd

Favour'd of Heav'n who finds
 One virtuous rarely found,
 That in domestick good combines:
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
 But Virtue which breaks through all opposition,
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal Law
 Gave to the Man despotick power
 Over his Female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lowre:
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not sway'd
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd.

But had we best retire, I see a storm?

Samf. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.

Samf. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
 The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
 Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
 The Giant *Harapha* of *Gath*, his look

Haughty as is pile high-built and proud.
 Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
 I less conjecture than when first I saw
 The sumptuous *Dalila* floating this way:
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Samf. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

Har. I come not, *Samson*, to condole thy chance,
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of *Gath*,
 Men call me *Harapha*, of stock renown'd
 As *Og* or *Anak* and the *Emims* old
 That *Kariathaim* held, thou know'st me now
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
 That I was never present on the place
 Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
 Each others force in camp or lifted field:
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report.

Samf. The way to know were not to see but taste.

Har.

Har. Dost thou already fingle me? I thought
Gieves and the Mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the field where thou art fam'd
To have wrought such wonders with an Asses Jaw;
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy carcass where the Afs lay thrown:
So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd
To *Palestine*, won by a *Philistin*
From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant Acts, that honour
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out. (but do

Samf. Boast not of what thou wouldst, have done,
What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand.

Har. To combat with a blind Man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

Samf. Such usage as your honourable Lords
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united pow'rs
In fight withstand me fingle and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes
Close-banded durst attaque me, no not sleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold

Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.
 Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
 Some narrow place enclos'd, where fight may give thee,
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
 And Brigandine of brass, thy broad Habergeon,
 Vant-brass and Greves, and Gauntlet, and thy Spear
 A Weavers beam, and seven-times-folded shield,
 I only with an Oak'n-staff will meet thee,
 And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,
 Which long shall not with-hold me from thy head,
 That in a little time while breath remains thee,
 Thou oft shalt wish thy self at *Gath* to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
 To *Samson*, but shall never see *Gath* more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms
 Which greatest Heroes have in battel worn,
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some Magicians Art (Heav'n
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
 Feign'dst at thy Birth was giv'n thee in thy Hair,
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy Hairs
 Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back

Of

Of chaf'd wild Boars, or ruff'd Porcupines.

Sams. I know no Spells, use no forbidden Arts;
My trust is in the living God who gave me
At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my finews, joints and bones,
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if *Dagon* be thy god,
Go to his Temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these Magick spells,
Which I to be the power of *Israel's* God
Avow, and challenge *Dagon* to the test,
Off'ring to combat thee his Champion bold,
With th'utmost of his Godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har. Presume not on thy God, what e'er he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee

Into

Into the common Prison, there to grind
 Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else, no better service
 With those thy boyst'rous locks, no worthy match
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword
 Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,
 But by the Barbers razor best subdu'd.

Samf. All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
 Whose ear is ever open; and his eye
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Defie thee to the trial of mortal fight,
 By combat to decide whose God is God,
 Thine or whom I with *Israel's* Sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,
 A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber.

Sam. Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou prove me

Har. Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords? (these?)
 Their Magistrates confest it, when they took thee

As

As a Leauge-breaker and deliver'd bound
 Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed
 Notorious murther on those thirty men
 At *Askalon*, who never did thee harm,
 Then like a Robber strip'dst them of their robes?
 The *Philistins*, when thou hadst broke the league,
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

Samf. Among the Daughters of the *Philistins*
 I chose a Wife, which argu'd me no foe;
 And in your City held my Nuptial Feast:
 But your ill-meaning Politician Lords,
 Under pretence of Bridal friends and guests,
 Appointed to await me thirty Spies,
 Who threatning cruel death constrain'd the Bride
 To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
 That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
 When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
 As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,
 I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
 To pay my underminers in their coin.
 My Nation was subjected to your Lords.
 It was the force of Conquest; force with force

Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can.
 But I a private person, whom my Country
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
 Single Rebellion and did hostile Acts.
 I was no private but a person rais'd
 With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n
 To free my Country; if their servile minds
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
 But to their Masters gave me up for naught,
 Th'unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
 I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
 And had perform'd it if my known offence
 Had not disabl'd me, not all your force:
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Har. With thee a man condemn'd, a Slave enrol'd,
 Due by the Law to capital punishment?
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Sams. Can'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;

But

But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

Har. *O Baal-zebub!* can my ears unus'd
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

Sams. No man with-holds thee, nothing from thy
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van, (hand
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Sams. Go baffl'd coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the Air, then dash thee down
To th'hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

Har. By *Astaroth* e'er long thou shalt lament
These braveries in Irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His Giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks, but in a fultrie chafe.

Sams. I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,
Though fame divulg'd him Father of five Sons
All of Gigantick size, *Goliath* chief.

Chor. He will directly to the Lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other farther to afflict thee.

Sams,

Samf. He must alledge some cause, and offer'd fight
 Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
 Whether he durst accept the offer or not,
 And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
 Much more affliction than already felt
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
 If they intend advantage of my labours
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
 With no small profit daily to my owners.
 But come what will, my deadliest Foe will prove
 My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
 The worst that he can give, to me the best.
 Yet so it may fall out, because their end
 Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
 Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. Oh how comely it is and how reviving
 To the Spirits of just men long oppress'd!
 When God into the hands of their deliverer
 Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the Earth, th'oppressor,
 The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannick power, but raging to pursue

The

The righteous and all such as honour Truth;
 He all their Ammunition
 And feats of War defeats
 With plain Heroick magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour arm'd,
 Their Armories and Magazins contemns,
 Renders them useles, while
 With winged expedition
 Swift as the light'ning glance he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who surpriz'd
 Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of Saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own Deliverer,
 And Victor over all
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict,
 Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endu'd
 Above the Sons of men; but fight bereav'd
 May chance to number thee with those
 Whom Patience finally must crown.
 This Idols day hath been to thee no day of rest,

Labouring

Labouring thy mind
 More than the working day thy hands.
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending, in his hand
 A Scepter or quaint Staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, speed in his look,
 By his habit I discern him now
 A Publick Officer, and now at hand,
 His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Hebrews the Pris'ner *Samson* here I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Off. Samson, to thee our Lords thus bid me say ;
 This day to *Dagon* is a solemn Feast,
 With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp and Games;
 Thy strength they know surpassing human race,
 And now some publick proof thereof require
 To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly ;
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
 Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad
 To appear as fits before th'illustrious Lords.

Samsf. Thou know'st I am an *Hebrew*, therefore tell
 Our Law forbids at their Religious Rites (them

My

My prefence; for that caufe I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be affur'd, will not content them.

Samf. Have they not fword-players, and ev'ry fort
Of Gymnick Artifts, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,
Juglers and Dancers, Anticks, Mummers, Mimirs,
But they muft pick me out with fhackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their publick Mill,
To make them fport with blind activity?
Do they not feek occafion of new quarrels
On my refusal to diftrefs me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'ft, I will not come.

Off. Regard thy felf, this will offend them highly.

Samf. My felf? my confcience and internal peace.
Can they think me fo broken, fo debas'd
With coporal fervitude, that my mind ever
Will condefcend to fuch abfurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midft of forrow and heart-grief
To fhew them feats, and play before their god,
The worft of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

M

Off.

Off. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay : is this thy resolution?

Sams. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Sams. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, *Samson* ; matters now are strain'd
Up to the heighth, whether to hold or break ;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame ?
Expect another message more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

Sams. Shall I abuse this Consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to Idols ;
A *Nazarite* in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their *Dagon* ?
Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, prophane ?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the *Phi-*
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean. *(listins,*

Sams.

Samf. Not in their Idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil pow'r.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outw'rd acts defile not.

Samf. Where outward force constrains, the sentence
But who constrains me to the Temple of *Dagon*,^{(holds.}
Not dragging? the *Philistian* Lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in Temples at Idolatrous Rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my

Samf. Be of good courage, I begin to feel ^{(reach.}
Some rousing motions in me which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this Messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
Our Law, or stain my vow of *Nazarite*.
If there be ought of presage in the mind,

This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor. In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

Off. *Samson*, this second message from our Lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our Slave,
Our Captive, at the publick Mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we shall find such Engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou art firmlier fastn'd than a Rock.

Samf. I could be well content to try their Art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild Beast, I am content to go.
Masters commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men)
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

Off.

Off. I praise thy resolution, doff these links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Sams. Brethren farewell, your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with Friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common Enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not: Lords are Lordliest in their wine;
And the well-feasted Priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd:
No less the People on their Holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable;
Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law; my Nation or my self,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of *Israel* be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
Great among the Heathen round;
Send the Angel of thy Birth to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy Father's field

Rode up in flames after his message told
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield
 Of fire; that Spirit that first rusht on thee
 In the Camp of *Dan*
 Be efficacious in thee now at need.

For never was from Heaven imparted
 Measure of strength so great to mortal feed;
 As in thy wond'rous actions hath been seen.
 But wherefore comes old *Manoa* in such haste
 With youthful steps? much livelier than e'er while
 He seems: supposing here to find his Son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Man. Peace with you, Brethren; my inducement hi-
 Was not at present here to find my Son, (ther
 By order of the Lords new parted hence
 To come and play before them at their Feast.
 I heard all as I came, the City rings
 And numbers thither flock, I had no will,
 Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.
 But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
 To give you part with me what hope I have
 With good success to work his liberty.

Chor.

Chor. That hope would much rejoyce us to partake
With thee; say, reverend Sire, We thirst to hear.

Man. I have attempted one by one the Lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and Fathers tears
T'accept of ranfome for my Son their pris'ner.
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenc'd *Dagon* and his priests,
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They easily would set to sale, a third
More generous far and civil, who confests'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ranfome was propos'd.

What noise or shout was that? it tore the Skie.
Chor. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

Man. His ranfome, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid

And number'd down : much rather I shall chuse
To live the poorest in my Tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.

No, I am fixt not to part hence without him
For his redemption all my Patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forgo
And quit : not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their Sons,
Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all ;
Sons wont to nurse their Parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy Son
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, enobl'd
With all those high exploits by him atchiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
That of a Nation arm'd the strength contain'd :
And I persuade me God hath not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair
Garrison'd round about him like a Camp
Of faithful Soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him farther yet in some great service,
Not to sit idle with so great a gift

Useless,

Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds and--O what noise!
Mercy of Heav'n what hideous noise was that!
Horribly loud unlike the former shout.

Chor. Noise call you it or universal groan
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd,
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Man. Of ruin indeed me-thought I heard the noise,
Oh it continues, they have slain my Son.

Chor. Thy Son is rather slaying them, that outcry
From slaughter of one Foe could not ascend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

Chor. Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the *Philistins* is fall'n,

From

From whom could else a general cry be heard?
 The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
 From other hands we need not much to fear,
 What if his eye-sight (for to *Israel's* God
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,
 And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
 For his people of old; what hinders now?

Man. He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
 Yet Hope would fain subscribe and tempts Belief,
 A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
 For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
 And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
 An *Hebrew*, as I guess, and of our Tribe.

Mess. O whither shall I run, or which way flie
 The sight of this so horrid spectacle
 Which earst my eyes beheld and yet behold?
 For dire imagination still pursues me.
 But providence or instinct of nature seems,
 Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted

To

To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first reverend *Manoa*, and to these
My Countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and heard before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not,
No Preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. *Gaza* yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou know'st to *Israelites* not saddest
The desolation of a Hostile City.

Mess. Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

Ma. Relate by whom. *Mess.* By *Samson*. *Ma.* That
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy. (still lessens

Mess. Ah *Manoa*, I refrain, too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Least evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Mess.

Mess. Then take the worfe in brief, *Samson* is dead.

Man. The worft indeed, O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but death who fets all free
Hath paid his ranfome now and full difcharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his Deliv'ry, which now proves
Abortive as the firft-born bloom of fpring
Nipt with the lagging rere of winter's froft.
Yet e'er I give the reins to grief, fay firft,
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or fhame.
All by him fell thou fay'ft, by whom fell he,
What glorious hand gave *Samson* his deaths wound?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain.

Mess. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence? what caufe
Brought him fo foon at variance with himfelf
Among his Foes? *Mess.* Inevitable caufe
At once both to deftroy and be deftroy'd;
The Edifice where all were met to fee him
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O laftly over-ftong againft thy felf!
A dreadful way thou took'ft to thy revenge,

More

More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this City,
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-rise,
The morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little had I dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious Theatre
Half-round on two main Pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the Lords and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold,
The other side was op'n, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand;
I among those aloof obscurely stood.
The Feast and noon grew high, and Sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately

Was

Was *Samson* as a publick fervant brought,
 In their state Livery clad; before him Pipes
 And Timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot before him and behind
 Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears.
 At sight of him the people with a shout
 Risted the Air clamouring their god with praise,
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
 He patient but undaunted where they led him,
 Came to the place, and what was set before him
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
 To heave, pull, draw, and break he still perform'd
 All with incredible, stupendious force,
 None daring to appear Antagonist.
 At length for intermission sake they led him
 Between the Pillars; he his guide requested
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
 As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
 With both his arms on those two massie Pillars
 That to the arched roof gave main support,
 He unsuspecting led him; which when *Samson*
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
 And eyes fast fixt he stood as one who pray'd,

Or

Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd.
 At last with Head erect thus cry'd aloud,
 Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
 Nor without wonder or delight beheld.
 Now of my own accord such other tryal
 I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater;
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars
 With horrible confusion to and fro,
 He tugg'd, he took, till down they came and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, Ladies, Captains, Councillors, or Priests,
 Their choice Nobility and flower, not only
 Of this but each *Philistian* City round
 Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.
Samson with these immixt, inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
 The vulgar only scap'd who stood without,

Chor

Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To *Israel*, and now ly'st victorious
 Among thy slain self-kill'd
 Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold,
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before.

Semichor. While their hearts were jocond and
 Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine, (sublime,
 And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,
 Chaunting their Idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In *Silo* his bright Sanctuary:
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urg'd them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer;
 They only set on sport and play
 Unweetingly importun'd
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men

Fall'n

Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves t'invite,
Insenfate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor. But he though blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as ev'ning Dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roofs,
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatick Fowl; but as an Eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue giv'n for lost,
Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,
Like that self-begott'n Bird
In the *Arabian* woods embost,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay e'er while a Holocaust,
From out her ashie womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd,

N

And

And though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular Bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now
Nor much more cause, *Samson* hath quit himself
Like *Samson*, and heroickly hath finish'd
A life Heroick, on his Enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the Sons of *Chaptor*
Through all *Philistian* bounds. To *Israel*
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,
To himself and Father's house eternal fame;
And which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Sok'd in his enemies blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clodded gore. I with what speed the while

(*Gaza*

(*Gaza* is not in plight to say us nay)
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends
 To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequie and funeral train
 Home to his Father's house: there will I build him
 A Monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of Laurel ever green, and branching Palm,
 With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
 In copious Legend, or sweet Lyrick Song.
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
 And from his memory inflame their breasts
 To matchless valour, and adventures high:
 The Virgins also shall on feastful days
 Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt.

What th' unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.
 Oft he seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns
 And to his faithful Champion hath in place

Bore witness gloriously; whence *Gaza* mourns
 And all that band them to resist
 His uncontrollable intent,
 His servant he with new acquit
 Of true experience from this great event
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss,
 And calm of mind all passion spent.

The E N D.

PO-

P O E M S

U P O N

Several Occasions.

Compos'd at several times.

B Y

Mr. JOHN MILTON.

The Third Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Grays-Inn Gate next Grays-Inn Lane. 1705.

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O N

Several Occasions.

L Y C I D A S.

In this Monody the Author bewails a Learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergie, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fear,
 I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year,
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due:

For *Lycidas* is dead, dead e'er his prime,
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty Rhyme,
He must not flote upon his watry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the Sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self-same Hill,
Fed the same flock; by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, e'er the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening Eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright,

Toward

Towards Heav'n's descent had stop'd his westering
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute, (wheel
Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old *Dametas* lov'd to hear our Song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods and desert Caves
With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazel Copfes green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes,
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white Thorn blows;
Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*? (deep
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, lye,
Nor

Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wifard stream:
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there——for what could that have done?
What could the Muse her felf that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muse her felf for her enchanting Son,
Whom Universal Nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shoar.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To end the homely flighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra's* hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th'abhorred shears,
And flits the thin spun Life. But not the praise,

Phæbus

Phæbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal foil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witnesses of all-judging *Jove*;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in *Neptune's* plea,
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon Winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked Promontory;
They knew not of his story,
And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her Sisters play'd.

It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that Sacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His Mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake
Two massy Keys he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Anow of such as for their bellies sake
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
That to the faithful Herdman's Art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And

And when they list, their lean and flashly Songs
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing fed,
But that two-handed Engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; Return *Sicilian* Muse,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
Their Bells, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
Ye Valleys low where the mild whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the Ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine
The white Pink, and the Pansie freak with jeat,
The glowing Violet,

The

The Musk-rose and the well attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears,
Bid *Amarantus* all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their Cups with tears,
To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts daily with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
Wash far away, where e'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous World;
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the Fable of *Bellerus* old
Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward *Naymanco*s and *Boyona*'s hold;
Look home-ward Angel now and melt with ruth.
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the helpless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,

And

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
That Sing, and Singing in their Glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, *Lycidas*, the Shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompence, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perillous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th'Okes and rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay:
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the Hills,
And now was dropt into the Western Bay;

At

At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

L' Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy
Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorne,

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven sings;

There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,

In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.

But come thou Goddess fair and free,

In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphrosyne*,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,

Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth

With two Sister Graces more

To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;

Or

Or whether (as some Sager sing)
The frolick Wind that breaths the Spring,
Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of Violets blew,
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So bucksom, blith, and debonair.
Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and Youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
And love to live in dimple fleck;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue

To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And finging startle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the Barn-door,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
From the side of some Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Some time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,

Roab'd in Flames, and Amber light,
The Clouds in thousand Liveries dight,
While the Plow-man near at hand,
Whistles o'er the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his fithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring Clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with Daiesies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers and Battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,

Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
Are at their favoury dinner fet
Of Herbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dresses;
And then in haste her Bower she leaves,
With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier Season lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Sometimes with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks found
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a Sunshine Holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How *Fairy Mab* the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd she said,
And by the Friars Lanthorn led

Tells

Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,
To earn his Cream-bowle duly fet,
When in one night, e'er glimps of morn,
His shadowy Flae hath thresh'd the Corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.
And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And Crop-full out of doors he flings,
E'er the first Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towred Cities please us then,
And the busie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With store of Ladies, whose bright Eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize,
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend,
There let *Hymen* oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such fights as Youthful Poets dream
On Summer Eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
If *Johnson's* learned Stock be on,
Or sweetest *Shakespear's* fancy's child,
Warble his native Wood-notes wild,
And ever against eating Cares,
Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden Soul of harmony.
That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
From Golden slumber on a Bed
Of heapt *Elysian* flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear

Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

Hence vain deluding joyes
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that People the Sun Beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.
 But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose Saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the Sense of human sight;

And therefore to our weaker view,
O'er-laid with black staid Wisdom's hue,
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince *Memnon*'s Sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd *Ethiope* Queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended,
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore
To solitary *Saturn* bore;
His daughter she (in *Saturn*'s reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering Bowers, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody *Ida*'s inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of *Cypres* Lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come,

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With ev'n step, and musing gate,
And looks commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt Soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thy self to Marble, till
With a sad Leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Ay round about *Jove's* Altar sing,
And add to these retired Leasure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hift along,
'Lefs *Philomel* will deign a Song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,

While

While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd Oke;
Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most Musical, most Melancholy!
Thee Chauntrefs oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy Even-Song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been lead astray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping throuh a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off *Curfeu* found,
Over some wide water'd shoar,
Swinging slow with fullen roar;
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belman's drowsie charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely Tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphear
The spirit of *Plato* to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those *Dæmons* that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With Planet, or with Element.
Sometime let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall come sweeping by,
Presenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
Or the tale of *Troy* divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskin'd stage.

But,

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,
Or bid the Soul of *Orpheus* sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of *Cambuscan* bold
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the virtuous Ring and Glass,
And of the wondrous Horse of Brass,
On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
And if ought else, great *Bards* beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
Of Forests, and Inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear,
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,

But

But Chercheſt in a comely Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſſling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.
And when the Sun begins to ſling
His flaring beams, me Goddeſs bring
To arched walks of twilight groves
And ſhadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
Where the rude Ax with heaved ſtroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome Brook,
Where no prophaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the Bee with Honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth ſing,
And the Waters murmuring
With ſuch confort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;

And

And let some strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his wings in Airy stream
Of lively portrature display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.

And as I wake, sweet musick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood.

But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into extasies,

And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,

The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every Herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like Prophetic strain.
 These pleasures *Melancholy* give,
 And I with thee will chuse to live.

*A Mask presented at Lud-Low-Castle,
 1634. &c. The first Scene discovers a
 wild Wood.*

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEfore the starry threshold of *Jove's* Court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aerial Spirits live insphear'd
 In Regions mild of calm and serene Air,
 Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
 Which men call Earth, and with low thoughted care
 Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,

Strive

Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being
Unmindful of the Crown that Virtue gives
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongst the enthron'd Gods on Sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That ope's the Palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is, and but for such,
I would not foil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. *Neptune* besides the sway
Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and neather *Jove*,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Isles
That like to rich and various Gemms inlay
The unadorned bosom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary Gods
By course commits to several Government,
And gives them leave to wear their Sapphire Crowns,
And weild their little Tridents, but this Isle
The greatest and the best of all the Main
He quarters to his blue-hair'd Deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun

A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:
 Where his fair off-spring nurs'd in Princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their Father's state,
 And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this dear Wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandring Passenger;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that by quick command from Sovereign *Jove*
 I was dispatcht for their defence and guard;
 And listen why, for I will tell you now
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song,
 From old or modern Bard, in Hall or Bow'r.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple Grape
 Crusht the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine,
 After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds list'd,
 On *Circes* Island fell (Who knows not *Circe*
 The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed Cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a groveling Swine)

This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
With Ivy Berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, e'er he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
Off'ring to every weary Traveller
His orient Liquor in a Crystal Glafs,
To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
Th'express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of Wolf, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were,
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Nor once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends, and native home forget,

To

To roule with pleasure in a sensual stie.
 Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*
 Chances pass through this advent'rous glade,
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star
 I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do: But first I must put off
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris* Wooff,
 And take the Weeds and likeness of a Swain
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth dittied Song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving Woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his Mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a charming Rod in one hand, his
 Glass in the other, with him a rout of Monsters,
 headed like sundry sorts of wild Beasts, but other-
 wise like Men and Women, their Apparel glister-
 ing, they come in making a riotous and unruly
 noise, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,

And the gilded Car of Day,
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the steep *Atlantick* stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other gale
Of his Chamber in the East.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipfie dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with rosie Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gon to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and fowre Severity,
With their grave Saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchful Sphears,
Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds and Seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,

And

And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daifies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Come let us our rights begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes Sin
Which these dun shades will ne'er report,
Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport
Dark vail'd *Cotytto*, t'whom the secret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame
That ne'er art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon Chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with *Heceat*, and befriend
Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
E'er the blabing Eastern scout,

The nice Morn on th' *Indian* steep
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale Sun discry
 Our conceal'd Solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastick round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,
 Our number may affright: Some Virgin fure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
 Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains, I shall e'er long
 Be well-stock't with as fair a heard as graz'd
 About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling Spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course,
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,

And

And well plac'd words of glozing courtesie,
Baited with reasons not unplaufible,
Wind me into the eafie-hearted man,
And hug him into fnares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this Magick duft,
I fhall appear fome harmlefs Villager,
And harken, if I may, her bufinefs here.
But here ſhe comes, I fairly ſtep afide.

The Lady Enters.

This way the noife was, if mine ear be true,
My beſt guide now, methought it was the found
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gameſome Pipe
Stirs up among the looſe unletter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praife the bounteous *Pan*,
And thank the Gods amifs. I ſhould be loath
To meet the rudeneſs, and ſwill'd infolence
Of ſuch late Waſſailers; yet O where elſe
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
My Brothers when they ſaw me wearied out
With this long way, reſolving here to lodge

Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
Stept as they said to the next Thicket side
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed
Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phæbus* wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,
And envious darknes, e'er they could return,
Had stole them from me, else O theevish night
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark Lantern thus close up the Stars,
That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the mis-led and lonely Traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory

Of

Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
On Sands, and Shores, and desert Wilderesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion Conscience.—
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemisht form of Chastity,
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish Officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new enliv'nd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

SONG.

*S*weet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell
 By slow Meander's margent green
 And in the violet imbroider'd vale
 Where the love-lorn Nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in some flowry Cave,
 Tell me but where
 Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
 Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testifie his hidden residence ;

How

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night
At every fall smoothing the Raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd: I have oft heard
My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
Amid'st the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who as they Sung, would take the prison'd Soul,
And lap it in *Elysium*, *Scylla* wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the Sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of it self,
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my Queen. Hail foreign wonder
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'd here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

La. Nay gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addrest to unattending Ears,
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my fever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darknes, and this leafy Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from neer-usher

La. They left me weary on a grassie terf. (guides?

Co. By falshood, or discourtesie, or why?

La. To seek i'th' Vally some cool friendly Spring.

Co. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick re-

Co. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them. (turn.

La. How easie my misfortune is to hit!

Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

La. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

La. As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips,

Co. Too such I saw, what time the labour'd Ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hidger at his Supper fate;

I saw them under a green mantling Vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,
Their port was more than human, as they stood;
I took it for a Fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the Element,
That in the colours of the Rainbow live,
And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,
And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. *La.* Gentle Villager

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of Star-light,
Would overtask the best Land-Pilot's art
Without the sure guesses of well-practis'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild Wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know

E'er

E'er morrow, or the low roosted Lark
 From her thatch't pallat rowse, if otherwise
 I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, were you may be safe
 Till further quest'. *La.* Shepherd I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoaky rafters, than in tap'stry Halls
 And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
 And yet is most pretended: In a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it;
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on.—

The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair
 That wont'st to love the Travellers benizon, (Moon
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness, and of shades;
 Or if your influence be quite damn'd up

With

With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a Rush-Candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our Star of *Arcady*,
Or *Tyrian* Cynosure. 2. *Bro.* Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled coats,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the Lodge, or village Cock
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little chearing
In this close dungeon of innumerable bows.
But O that hapless Virgin! our lost sister,
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her Boulster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite

To

To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my Sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipl'd in Virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm Thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all to ruff'd, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i'th' Center, and enjoy bright day,

But

But he that hides a dark foul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2. *Bro.* 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert Cell,
Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a Senat House,
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
Or do his gray Hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian Tree
Laden with blooming Gold, had need the guard
Of Dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unfun'd heaps
Of Misers Treasure by an Out-law's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless Maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wilde furrounding wast.
Of night, or loneliness it wreaks me not,

I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Left some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned Sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,
 Inferr, as if I thought my Sister's state
 Secure without all doubt, or controverſie:
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th' Event, my Nature is
 That I encline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint ſuſpicion.
 My Sister is not ſo defenceleſs left
 As you imagine, ſhe as a hidden ſtrength
 Which you remember not.

2. Bro. What hidden ſtrength,
 Unless the ſtrength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden ſtrength,
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
 'Tis chaſtity, my Brother, chaſtity:
 She that has that, is clad in compleat ſteel,
 And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
 May trace huge Forreſts, and unharbour'd Heaths,
 Infamous Hills, and ſandy perilous wildes,
 Where through the ſacred rays of Chaſtity,

No

No savage fierce Bandite, or Mountaneer
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,
Yea there, where very desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid Ghost,
That breaks his magick chains at *Curfew* time,
No Goblin, or swart Faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true Virginitie.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*
To testifie the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded Lioness
And spotted mountain Pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o'th' Woods.
What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* shield
That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,

Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
But rigged looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank aw.
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly Chastity,
That when a Soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with Heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted Temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the Soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when Lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The Soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quit lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in Charnel Vaults, and Sepulchers,

Lingring,

Lingring, and sitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the Body that it lov'd,
And linkt it self by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2. *Bro.* How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is *Apollo's* Lute,
And a perpetual feast of Nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Eld. Bro.* List, list, I hear
Some far off hallow break the silent Air.

2. *Bro.* Methought so too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some Neighbour Wood-man, or, at worst,
Some roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

2. *Bro.* Heav'n keep my Sister, Agen, agen, and near;
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. I'll hallow;
If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.
That hallow I should know, what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on Iron stake else.

Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? speak agen.

2. *Bro.* O brother, 'tis my father's Shepherd, fure.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis? whose artful strains hath oft
The hudling brook to hear his madrigal, (delaid
And sweetn'd every muskrose of the dale?

How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any Ram
Slipt from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,
Or straggling Weather the pen't flock forlook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd Master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering Wolf, not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich the Downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my Virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. (blame,

Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

Eld. Bro. What fears, good *Thyrsis*? Prethee briefly

Spir. I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous, (shew.
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)

What

What the sage Poets, taught by th' Heav'nly Muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire *Chimera's* and enchanted Isles,
And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in Cypress shades a Sorcerer dwells,
Of *Bachus* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
Deep skill'd in all his Mother's Witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer,
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabl'd Wolves, or Tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
In their obsured haunts of inmost bowers,
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,

To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
 Had ta'ne their supper on the savoury Herb
 Of Knot-grass dew-bespent, and were in fold,
 I fate me down to watch upon a bank
 With Ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began,
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate upon my rural minstrelsie,
 Till fancy had her fill, but e'er a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods
 And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance,
 At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsie frightened steeds
 That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep;
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
 Was took e'er she was ware, and wisht she might
 Deny her Nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,

And

And took in strains that might create a Soul
Under the ribs of Death, but O e'er long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear Sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And, O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings oft'n trod by day,
Till guided by my ear I found the place
Where that damn'd wifard hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, e'er my best speed could now prevent,
The aidless innocent Lady his wisht prey,
Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
Sopposing him some neighbour villager;
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant, with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here.
But further know I not. 2. *Bro.* O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in tripple knot,
Against th' unarmed weakness of one Virgin
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence

You

You gave me, Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely, not a period
Shall be unpaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of forcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd,
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on it self shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settl'd to it self,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's on,
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this just Sword be lifted up,
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
With all the griesly legions that troop
Under the footy flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydra's*, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, I'll find him out,

And

And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good vent'rous Youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
But here thy Sword can do thee little stead,
Far other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of Hellish charms,
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thy self approach so near,
As to make this Relation?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous Plant and healing Herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to 'morning ray,
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,

And

And shew me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;
Amongst the rest a small unfightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Country, as he said,
Bore a bright Golden flowre, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull Swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it than that *Moly*
That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave;
He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of Sov'raign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast or damp,
Or gastly Furies apparition;
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd.
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul Inchanter, though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have his about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the Necromancer's Hall;

Where

Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandisht blade rush on him, break his glafs,
 And shed the lufhious liquor on the ground,
 But feife his wand, though he and his curft crew
 Fierce fign of Battail make, and menace high,
 Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit fmoak,
 Yet will they foon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
 And fome good Angel bear a fhield before us

*The Scene changes to a ftately Palace, fet out with
 all manner of deliciousnefs: fofl Mufick, Tables
 fpread with all dainties. Comus appears with his
 rabble, and his Lady fet in an enchanted Chair,
 to whom he offers his Glafs, which fhe puts by,
 and goes about to rife.*

Comus. Nay, Lady, fit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alablafter,
 And you a Statue, or as *Daphne* was,
 Root-bond, that fled *Apollo*.

La. Fool, do not boaff,
 Thou can'ft not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy Charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hafte immanacl'd, while Heav'n fees good.

Co. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from thefe gates

Sorrow

Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on Youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial Julep here
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.
Not that *Nephentes* which the Wife of *Thone*,
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove*-born *Helena*
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to your self,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the Cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin
This will restore all soon.

La.

La. 'Twill not, false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banisht from thy tongue with lies,
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed Monsters? Mercy guarded me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,
Hast thou betray'd my credulous Innocence
With visor'd falshood, and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits fit to insnare a brute?
Where it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge Doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,
Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the Earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging

Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and fate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd filks
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th' all-worshipt Ore, and precious Gems
To store her children with; if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,
Th' all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging Master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her Sons,
Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with
The herds would over-multitude their Lords, (plumes,
The Sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unfought Dia-
Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep, (monds
And so bestudd with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last

To

To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
Lift Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity,
Beauty is Nature's coyn, must not be hoorded,
But must be currant, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partak'n blifs,
Unfavoury in th'injoyment of it self;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In Courts, at Feasts, and high Solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; course complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teize the hufwifes wooll.
What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be adviz'd, you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,

Obtruding false Rules, pranc't in Reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride:
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous;
With her abundance she good caters,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and befitting share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispenc'd,
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
And then the giver will be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his prophane tongue with contemptuous words
Against

Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity;
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap'd spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of *Jove*
Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*

To some of *Saturn's* crew. I must dissemble, |
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
 This is meer moral babble, and direct
 Against the Canon Laws of our Foundation;
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And fetlings of a melancholy blood:
 But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the blifs of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

*The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wrest his
 Glass out of his hand, and break it against the
 ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are
 all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.*

Spir. What, have you let the false Enchanter scape?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
 And backward mutters of dislevering power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,
 Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt,
 The foothest Shepherd that e'er pip't on plains.

There

There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb fways the smooth *Severn* stream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,
Whilom she was the daughter of *Lochrine*,
That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute*.
The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged Stepdam *Guendolen*,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her streight to aged *Nereus* Hall,
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil*,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in Ambrosial Oyls till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the River; still she retains
Her Maid'n gentleness, and oft at Ev'n
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all Urchin blasts, and ill luck-signs
That the shrewd medling Elfe delights to make,

Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals.
 For which the Shepherds at their Festivals
 Carrol her goodness lowd in rustick lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of Panceis, Pinks and gaudy Daffadils.
 And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
 If she be right invok'd in warbled Song,
 For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a Virgin, such as was her self,
 In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting

Under the glassie, cool, translucent Wave,

In twisted Braids of Lillies knitting

The loose train of thy Amber-dropping Hair;

Listen for dear Honour's sake,

Goddeffs of the Silver Lake,

Listen and save.

Listen

Listen and appear to us,
In name of great *Oceanus*,
By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,
And *Tethys* grave majestick pace,
By hoary *Nereus* wrinkled look,
And the *Carpathian* wifard's hook,
By scaly *Triton's* winding shell,
And old sooth-faying *Glaucus* spell,
By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,
And her Son that rules the strands,
By *Thetis* tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,
By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
Wherewith she sits on Diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen and save.

*Sabrina rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and
Sings,*

*By the rusby-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stays,
Thick set with Agat, and the azurn sheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
That in the channel strays,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the Cowslips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle swain at thy request
I am here.*

*Spir. Goddefs dear
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.*

Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help insnared chastity;
 Brightest Lady look on me,
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops that from my fountain pure,
 I have kept of precious cure,
 Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
 Next this marble venom'd feat
 Smeared with gums of glutenous heat
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;
 And I must haste e'er morning hour
 To wait in *Amphitrite's* bow'r,

*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her
 Seat.*

Spir. Virgin daughter of *Locrine*,
 Sprung of old *Anchises* line,
 May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumbled down thy snowy hills:

Summer

Summer drouth, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet *October's* torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,
May thy billows rowl ashoar
The Beryl, and the golden Oar,
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a Tower and Terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of Myrrhe, and Cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this curfed place,
Lest the Sorcerer us intice
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needles found,
Till we come to holier ground,
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy Covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's Residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate

His

His wish't prefence, and beside,
 All the Swains that there abide,
 With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and chere;
 Come let us haste, the Stars grow high,
 But night fits Monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and
 the President's Castle, then come in Country
 Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with
 the two Brothers and the Lady.*

SONG.

Spir. *Back, Shepherds, back, anough your play,
 Till next Sun-shine holiday,
 Here be without duck or nod
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the Lawns, and on the Leas.*

This

This second Song presents them to their Father
and Mother.

*Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here hold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth.
And sent them here though hard assays
With a Crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.*

The Dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes,

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the Gardens fair

Of *Hesperus*, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,
The Graces, and the rosie-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And West winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and *Cassia's* balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Than her purfl'd scarf can shew,
And drenches with *Elysian* dew
(List mortals if your ears be true)
Beds of Hyacinth, and Roses
Where young *Adonis* oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' *Assyrian* Queen;
But far above in spangled sheen

Celestial *Cupid* her fam'd Son advanc'd,
Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet intranc'd,
After her wandring labours long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blisful twins are to be born,
Youth and joy; so *Jove* hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin flow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher than the Sphery chime;
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Darby at Harefield, by some Noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving toward the seat of State, with this Song.

I. S O N G.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of Majesty
Is that which we from hence descry
Too divine to be mistook:

This this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Here our solemn search hath end.

GAME, that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise,
Less than half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
 In circle round her shining throne,
 Shooting her beams like Silver threds,
 This this is she alone,
 Sitting like a Goddess bright,
 In the center of her light.

Might she the wise *Latona* be,
 Or the towred *Cybele*,
 Mother of a hundred Gods;
Juno dares not give her odds;

Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.

(guise,
GEN. Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
 Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
 Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret fluse,
 Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse*;
 And ye, the breathing Roses of the Wood,

Fair

And ye, the breathing Roses of the Wood,
Fair Silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in Honour and Devotion meant
To the great Mistrefs of your princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have fate to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from *Jove* I am the pow'r
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bow'r,
To nurse the Sapplings tall, and curl the grove,
With Ringlets quaint; and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.
And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
Or what the cros dire-looking Planet smites,
Or hurtful Worm with canker'd venom bites.

Whole

S

When

When Ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early e'er the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to blefs,
But else in deep of night when drowfiness
Hath lock'd up mortal Sense, then listen I
To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,
That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,
To lull the daughters of *Necessity*,
And keep unsteddy Nature to her Law,
And the low World in measur'd motion draw
After the Heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such Musick worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise,

Whose

Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
 What e'er the skill of lesser Gods can shew,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stemm
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hemm.

II. S O N G.

O'ER the smooth enamel'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been,

Follow me as I sing,

And touch the warbled string.

Under the shady roof

Of branching Elm-Star-proof.

Follow me,

I will bring you where she sits

Clad in splendor as befits

Her deity.

Such a rural Queen

All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

III. S O N G.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks,
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,

Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.

From the stony *Mænalus*,
Bring your flocks and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this Place.

Though *Syrinx* your *Pan's* Mistress were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.

Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

N O

ON THE
MORNING
OF
CHRIST's NATIVITY.

I.
THIS is the Month, and this the happy Morn
Wherein the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy Sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.
That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high Council-Table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,

Forfook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay,

III.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy Sacred vein
Afford a Present to the Infant God?

Hast thou no Verse, no Hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Sun's team untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
(bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
The Star-led Wifards haste with odours sweet,
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the Honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn.

I.

IT was the Winter wild,
While the Heav'n-bornchild,

All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,

With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,

The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw.
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace,
She crown'd with Olive green, came softly flyding
Down through the turning sphear
His ready Harbinger,

With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,

And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She strikes an universal Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battles sound
Was heard the World around

The idle Spear and Shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot stood,
Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And Kings sat still with awful Eye,
As if they surely knew their Sovereign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the Waters kist,

Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed
(Wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in steadfast gaze,

Bending

Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,

Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame,

The new enlightn'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could
VIII. (bear.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,

Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty *Pan*

Was kindly come to live with them below;

Perhaps their loves or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

IX.

When such Musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbl'd voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their Souls in blisful rapture took:
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand Echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close,

X.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of *Cynthia's* seat, the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union,

XI.

At last furrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light,

That

That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd,
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,

But when of old the Sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His Constellations set,

And the well-ballanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystal sphears,
Once blest our human ears,

(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time;

And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow

And

And with your ninefold Harmony
Make up full confort to th' Angelick symphony,

XIV.

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold,
And speckl'd vanity

Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it self will pass away,

And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a Rain-bow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,

Thron'd in Celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tiffued Clouds down steering,
And Heav'n, as at some Festival,

Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,

This must not yet be so,

The

The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;

So btoh himself and us to glorifie:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
XVII. (deep.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang,
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth agast
With terrour of that blast,

Shall from the Surface to the Center shake;
When at the World's last Session,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his
XVIII. (throne

And then at last our blifs
Full and perfect is,

But now begins; from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,

And

And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horror of his foulded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles were dum,
No voice or hedious humm

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving,
Apollo from his shrine

Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetick cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,

And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting genius is with sighing sent,
With flowr-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
(mourn:

XXI.

In consecrated Earth,

And on the holy Hearth,

The

The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight
 In Urns, and Altars round, (plaint,
 A drear and dying sound

Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;
 And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted feat.

XXII.

Peor and *Baalim*,
 Forfake their Temples dim,

With that twice batter'd god of *Palestine*,
 And mooned *Ashtaroth*,
 Heav'ns Queen and Mother both,

Now fits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
 The Libyck *Hammon* shrinks his horn,
 In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz*
 (mourn.

XXIII.

And fullen *Moloch* fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread,

His burning Idol all of blackest hue;
 In vain with Cymbals ring,
 They call the grisly King,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue;

The

The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast,

XXIV.

Nor is *Osiris* seen
 In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,

Trampling the unshower'd Grass with lowings loud:
 Nor can he be at rest

Within his sacred chest,

Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
 In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark

The fable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worship'd Ark.

XXV.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
 The dreaded Infant's hand,

The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;
 Nor all the Gods beside,

Longer dare abide,

Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:
 Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
 Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows

Pillows his Chin upon an Orient Wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to th' infernal Jail,
 Each fether'd Ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,
 Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd
 (maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest,
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.

Time is our tedious Song should here have ending:
 Heav'ns youngest teemed Star,
 Hath fixt her polisht Car,

Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
 And all about the Courtly Stable,
 Bright-harrest Angels sit in order serviceable.

A Paraphrase on *Psal.* 114.

This and the following *Psalms* were done by the
 Author at fifteen years old.

When the blest seed of *Terah's* faithful Son,
 After long toil their liberty had won,

T

And

And past from *Pharian* Fields to *Canaan* Land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shown,
 His Praise and Glory was in *Israel* known.
 That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
 Low in the Earth, *Jordan's* clear streams recoil,
 As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil.
 The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
 Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
 Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
 Why turned *Jordan* towards his Chrystal Fountains?
 Shake Earth, and at the presence be agast
 Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Psalms 136.

Let us with a gladfom mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
 For his mercies ay endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;

For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful Tyrants quell.

For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.

For his, &c.

Who by his Wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.

For his, &c.

Who did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watry Plain.

For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made World with light.

For his, &c.

And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,
All the day long his course to run.

For his, &c.

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand
Smote the first-born of *Egypt* Land.

For his, &c.

And in despite of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel*.

For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain.
Of the *Erythraean* main.

For, &c.

The floods stood still like Walls of Glass,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass.

For, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny King with all his power.

For, &c.

His chosen People he did bless
In the wasteful Wilderness.

For, &c.

In bloody battel he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For, &c.

He foil'd bold *Seon* and his Host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast.

For, &c.

And

And large-lim'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.

For, &c.

And to his Servant *Israel*
He gave their Land therein to dwell.

For, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.

For, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worth.

For, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Anno ætatis 17.

*On the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a
Cough.*

I.

O Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft filken Primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief Honour, if thou had'st out-lasted
Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom drie;
For he being amorous on that lovely die

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kifs
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal blifs,

II.

For since grim *Aquilo* his charioteer
By boistrous rape th' *Athenian* damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deity full neer,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was
(held.

III. So

III.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far,
There ended was his quest, there ceast his care.
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chair,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair bidding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so *Apollo*, with unweeting hand
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eutrota's* strand,
Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower,
Alack that so to change thee winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead,
Or that thy coarfe corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
Hid from the World in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?

Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where e'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving Sphere,
Or in the Elisian fields (if such there were.)

O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some Star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak't *Olympus* by mischance didst fall;
Which careful *Jove* in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstal?
Or did of late earth's Sons besiege the wall

Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth?

Or

Or that crown'd Matron sage white-robed Truth?

Or any other of that Heav'nly brood

Let down in clowdie throne to do the World some
(good.

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoast,

Who having clad thy felf in humane weed,

To earth from thy præfixed feat didst poast,

And after short abode flie back with speed,

As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,

Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire

To scorn the fordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire.

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below

To blefs us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence,

To flake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,

To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,

Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,

To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?

But thou canst best perform that office were thou art.

XI.

Then thou the Mother of so sweet a Child

Her false imagin'd losse cease to lament,

And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;

Think

Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent;
 This if thou do, he will an off-spring give,
 That till the World's last end shall make thy name to
 (live.

The Passion.

I

ER-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of Air and Earth did ring,
 And joyous news of Heav'nly Infants birth,
 My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

In Wintry solstice like the shortn'd light
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my Harp to notes of saddest wo,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seise e'er long,
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo.

Most perfect *Heroe*, try'd in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III. He

III.

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regal head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side,

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
To this Horizon is my *Phæbus* bound;
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found;
Loud o'er the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth found;

Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me night, best Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know;

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
 And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish
 VI. (white.

See, see the Chariot; and those rushing wheels,
 That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
 My spirit some transporting *Cherub* feels,
 To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,
 Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;
 There doth my Soul in holy vision sit,
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
 That was the Casket of Heav'n's richest store,
 And here through grief my feeble hands up lock,
 Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
 My plaining verse as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
 That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,
 Take up a weeping on the Mountains wild,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unbosom all their Echoes mild,

And

And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)
 Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud,
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the
 years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing
 satisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfinished.*

On Time.

FLY envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours
 Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
 And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And meerly mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good

And

And perfectly divine,
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
 About the supreme Throne
 Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
 When once our Heav'nly-guided Soul shall clime,
 Then all this Earthy grossness quit,
 Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee, O
 (Time.

Upon the Circumcision.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright
 That erst with Musick, and triumphant Song,
 First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
 So sweetly fung your Joy the Clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow,
 He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whilear
 Enter'd the World, now bleeds to give us ease;

Alas

Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His Infancy to sease!
O more exceeding love or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret blifs, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;
And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
Intirely fatisf'd,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day, but O e'er long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

BLeft pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And

And to our high-rais'd phantasie present
That undisturbed Song of pure consent,
Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon
With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devote and holy Psalms
Singing everlastingly;
That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair Musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God e'er long

To

To his celestial confort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

A N

E P I T A P H

O N T H E

Marchionefs of *Winchester*.

THIS rich Marble doth enter
The honour'd Wife of *Winchester*,
A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her Virtues fair
Added to her noble Birth,
More than she could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told, alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darknes, and with death.

U

Yet

Yet had the number of her days
Been as compleat as was her praise,
Nature and fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.

Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;

The Virgin quire for her request
The God that sits at marriage feast;

He at their invoking came

But with a scarce-well-lighted flame;

And in his Garland as he stood,

Ye might discern a Cypress bud.

Once had the early Matrons run

To greet her of a lovely Son,

And now with second hope she goes,

And calls *Lucina* to her throws;

But whether by mischance or blame

Atropos for *Lucina* came;

And with remorseless cruelty

Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:

The hapless Babe before his birth

Had burial, yet not laid in earth,

And

And the languisht Mother's Womb
Was not long a living Tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New shot up from vernal show'r;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And those Pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be prefaging tears
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hast'ning Funeral.
Gentle Lady may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel fore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the World encrease,
Shortned hast thy own life's lease;
Here, besides the forrowing
That thy noble House doth bring,

Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in *Helicon*,
And some Flowers, and some Bays,
For thy Herse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sit'st in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair *Syrian* Shepherdess,
Who after years of barrenness,
The highly favour'd *Joseph* bore
To him that serv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light,
There with thee, new welcom Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG. *On May Morning.*

NOW the bright morning Star, Day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
 The Flow'ry *May*, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.

Hail bounteous *May* that dost inspire

Mirth and Youth and warm desire,

Woods and Groves are of thy dressing,

Hill and Dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early Song,

And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

On *SHAKESPEAR*. 1630.

WHAT needs my *Shakespear*, for his honour'd
 The labour of an age in piled Stones, (Bones,

Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid

Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid*?

Dear Son of memory, great heir of Fame,

What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
 Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
 Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
 Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving;
 And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
 That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

*On the University Carrier, who sickn'd in the time
 of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by
 reason of the Plague.*

HERE lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke his girt,
 And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt,
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;
 For he had any time this ten years full,
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull,
 And

And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journeys end was come,
And that he had ta'ne up his latest Inn,
In the kind Office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd of his Boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gon to bed.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move,
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jogg on and keep his trot,
Made of sphear-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an Engine mov'd with wheel and waight,
His principles being ceast, he ended strait,

Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd,
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, fure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cros Doctors all stood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make fix bearers.
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He dy'd for heaviness that his Cart went light,
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load, made his life burdensom,
That even to his last breath (there be that say't)
As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight;
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:

His

His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
Only remains this Superfcription.

Anno Ætatis. 19. *At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.*

HAil native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips, (speak,
Half unpronounc'd slide through my infant-lips,
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely fate two years before:
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee:
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this same small neglect that I have made:

But

But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure;
Not those new fangled toys, and trimmings slight
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight,
But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And weary of their place do only stay
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and see each blisful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings

Immortal

Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire :
Then passing through the Sphears of watchful fire,
And mistie Regions of wide air next under,
And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of Kings and Queens and *Hero's* old,
Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told
In solemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feast,
While sad *Ulisses* soul and all the rest
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy Predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come
That to the next I may resign my Room.

Then Ens is represented as Father of the Prædicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldest stood for Substance with his Canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The Faiery Ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drowfie Nurse hath fworn ſhe did them ſpie
Come tripping to the Room where thou didſt lie;
And ſweetly ſinging round about thy Bed
Strew all their bleſſings on thy ſleeping Head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtill
From eyes of mortals walk inviſible,
Yet there is ſomething that doth force my fear,
For once it was my diſmal hap to hear
A *Sybil* old, bow-bent with crooked Age,
That far Events full wiſely could preſage,
And in Time's long and dark Proſpective Glaſs
Fore-ſaw what future days ſhould bring to paſs,
Your Son, ſaid ſhe, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall ſubject be to many an Accident.
O'er all his Brethren he ſhall Reign as King,
Yet every one ſhall make him underling,

And

And those that cannot live from him afunder,
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing.
To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring War shall never cease to roar:
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those who are at enmity.
What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

*The next Quantity and Quality spake in Prose, then
Relation was call'd by his name.*

Rivers arise; whether thou be the Son
Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Oose*, or gulphie *Dun*,
Or *Trent*, who like some earth-born Giant spreads
His thirty Arms along the indented Meads,
Or fullen *Mole* that runneth underneath,
Or *Severn* swift, guilty of Maidens death,

Or

Or Rockie *Avon*, or of Sedgie *Lee*,
 Or Coaly *Tine*, or ancient hallowed *Dee*,
 Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
 Or *Medway* smooth, or Royal Towred *Thame*.

The rest was Prose.

*On the new forcers of Conscience under the Long
 PARLIAMENT.*

BEcause you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
 And with stiff Vows renounc'd his Liturgie,
 To seise the widow'd whore Pluralitie
 From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhorr'd,
 Dare ye for this adjure the Civil Sword
 To force our Consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
 Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford*?
 Men whose Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent
 Would have been held in high esteem with *Paul*
 Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks
 By shallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d'ye call:
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,

Your

Your plots and packing worse than those of *Trent*,
 That so the Parliament
 May with their wholsom and preventive shears
 Clip your Phylacteries, though bank your Ears,
 And succour our just Fears
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but *Old Priest* writ Large

SONNETS.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
 Warbl'st at eve, when all the Woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the Lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*,
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
 First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill
 Portend success in love; O if *Jove's* will
 Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, e'er the rude Bird of Hate
 Foretel my hopeless doom in some Grove ny;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,

Whether

Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

*Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco.
La onde l'alta tua virtu s'infiora.*

*Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.*

III.

*Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera*

*Four di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così amor meco insu la lingua snello
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.*

*Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deb! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.*

Canzone.

R *Idonsi donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
 L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi*

Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?

Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi

Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore

Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

Diodati, e te'l diro con maraviglia,

Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solea

E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea

Gia eaddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.

Ne treccie d'ore, ne guancia vermiglia

M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea

Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,

Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia

Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,

Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,

E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero

Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,

E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco

Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia

Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole

*Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Sosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Qui vi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge e trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.*

VI.

*Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso indubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, d'intero diamante,
Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,*

Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII.

How soon hath Time, the futtle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days flie on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n,
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task-Master's eye.

VIII.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may feast,
If

If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er Lands and Seas,
 What ever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bower,
 The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
 The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
 Went to the ground: And the repeated air
 Of sad *Electra's* Poet had the power
 To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruin bare.

IX.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
 Wisely hath shun'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the Hill of Heav'nly Truth,
 The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*
 Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixt and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,

And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to blifs at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wife and pure.

X.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
 Of *England's* Council, and her Treasury,
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till sad the breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At *Chæroneæ*, fatal to Liberty,
 Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,
 Though later born, than to have known the days
 Wherein your Father flourish'd, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

XI.

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*;
 And woven close, both matter, form and stile;
 The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,

Num-

Numb'ring good intellects; now feldom por'd on.
 Cries the stall-reader, blefs us! what a word on
 A title page is this! and some in file
 Stand fpelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green. Why is harder Sirs than Gordon,
 Coliktto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?

Those rugged Names to our like mouths grow sleek
 That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.
 Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
 Hated not Learning worfe than Toad or Asp;
 When thou taught'st *Cambridge*, and King *Edward*
 (Greek.
 XII. *On the same,*

I did but prompt the Age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient Liberty,
 When strait a barbarous noise environs me
 Of Owls and Cuckoes, Affes, Apes and Dogs.
 As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Frogs
 Rail'd at *Latona's* twin-born Progenie
 Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting Pearl to Hogs;
 That bawle for freedoom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when truth would fet them free.
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;

For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
 But from that mark how far they roave we see
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

To Mr. H. Lawes on his Aires.

XIII.

Harry whose tuneful and well measur'd Song
 First taught our English Musick how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With *Midas* Ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue.
 Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing
 To honour thee, the Priest of *Phæbus* Quire
 That tun'st the happiest lines in Hymn, or Story,
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy just Soul to dwell with God,

Meek-

Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth
 Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour (severe
 Staid not behind, nor in the Grave were trod;
 But as Faith pointed with her Golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and blifs for ever.
 Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

On the late Massacher in Piemont.

XV.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
 When all our Fathers worship'd Stocks and Stones,
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy Sheep, and in their ancient Fold
 Slain by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd

Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th'*Italian* Fields where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo,

XVI.

When I consider how my light is spent,
E'er half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uselefs, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
Bear his mild yolk, they serve him best, his State
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest,
They also serve who only stand and wait.

XVII. *Law.*

XVII.

Lawrence of virtuous Father virtuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a fullen day; what may be won
From the hard Season gaining: time will run
On smother, till *Favonius* re-inspire
The frozen earth; and cloath in fresh attire
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attick taste, with Wine, whence we may rise
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artful voice
Warble immortal Notes and *Tuskan* Air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XVIII.

Cyriack, whose Grandfire on the Royal Bench
Of Brittish *Themis*, with no mean applause
Pronounc'd and in his Volumes taught our Laws,
Which others at their Barr so often wrench;
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let *Euclid* rest and *Archimedes* pause,

And

And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.
To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

XIX.

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the grave,
Whom *Jove's* great Son to her glad Husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, Sweetness, Goodness, in her Person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

The Fifth ODE of Horace, Lib. I.

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa, Rendred almost
word for word without Rhyme, according to the
Latin Measure, as near as the Language will
permit.*

WHat slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,
Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire:
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who always vacant always amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t'have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.

AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse miseros.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,

Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditie? heu quoties fidem

Mutatosque deos flebis, & aspera

Nigris æquora ventis

Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea:

Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem

Sperat, nescius auræ

Fallacis. Miseri quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer

Votava paries indicat uvula

Suspendisse potenti

Vestimenta maris Deo.

PSALM

P S A L M I.

Done into VERSE, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and i'th' way
 Of finners hath not stood, and in the feat
 Of scorers hath not fate. But in the great
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
 And in his Law he studies day and night.
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows
 By watry streams, and in his season knows
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
 In judgement, or abide their tryal then,
 Nor finners in th' assembly of just men.
 For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

P S A L.

PSAL. II. *done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzette.*

WHy do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Mise a vain thing, the Kings of th'earth up-
With power, and Princes in their Congregations (stand
Lay deep their plots together through each Land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith hee,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath said
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
Th'Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them disperse

Lik

Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
 And now be wise at length ye Kings averſe,
 Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah ſerve, and let your joy converſe
 With trembling; kiſs the Son leaſt he appear
 In anger and ye periſh in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel ſere.
 Happy all thoſe who have in him their ſtay.

PSAL. 3. Aug. 9. 1653.

When he fled from Abſalom.

LOrd how many are my foes!
 How many thoſe

That in arms againſt me riſe!

Many are they

That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay,
 No help for him in God there lies.

But thou Lord art my ſhield my glory,

Thee through my ſtory

Th'exalter of my head I count;

Y

Aloud

Aloud I cry'd
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though incamping round about
 They pitch against me their Pavilions.
 Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou
 Hast smote e'er now
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhor'd
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. Aug. 10. 1653.

ANswer me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straights and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral

And

And set at large; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.

Great ones how long will ye

My glory have in scorn,

How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity,

To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?

Yet know the Lord hath chose,

Chose to himself apart,

The good and meek of heart

(For whom to chuse he knows)

Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.

Be aw'd, and do not sin,

Speak to your hearts alone,

Upon your beds, each one,

And be at peace within.

Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say

Who yet will shew us good?

Talking like this world's brood;

But, Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light

Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put,
Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep,
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where e'er I lie;
As in a rocky Cell

Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

P S A L. V. *Aug.* 12. 1653.

JEhovah to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.

Jehovah

Jehovah thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear,
I'th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight,
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or mad men stand not within thy fight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy House; I in thy fear
Will towards thy Holy Temple worship low;
Lord lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress,
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his faltring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth

Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth;
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd;
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will,

PSAL. VI. *Aug.* 13. 1653.

Lord in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,

For

For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
Are troubled, yea my Soul is troubled fore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Wearied I am with fighting out my days,
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I'th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my
My supplication with acceptance fair, (pray'r,
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion; then grow red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

P S A L. VII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

Lord my God to thee I flie,
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Lest as a Lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my Soul afunder,
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not free'd my foe for naught;

Let th' Enemy pursue my Soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roul

In the dust my Glory dead,
In the dust and there out spread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise Jehovath in thine ire,
Rouze thy self amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury asswage;
Judgment here thou didst ingage
And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each Nation
Will furround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their fight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease

Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and Reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of Heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lie.

He

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
 And fell into the pit he made,
 His mischief that due course doth keep,
 Turns on his head, and his ill trade
 Of violence will undelay'd
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
 According to his justice raise,
 And sing the Name and Deity
 Of Jehovah the most high.

P S A L. VIII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

O Jehova our Lord! how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the Earth?
 So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest breath.
 Out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,

To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avengers brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Stars which thou so bright hast set,
In the pure firmament, then faith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,
And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found;
Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his Lordly feet,
All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forrest meet.
Fowl of the Heav'ns, and Fish that through the wet
Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the Earth.

April.

April. 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Pſalms done into Metre, wherein all, but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the Original.

P S A L. LXXX.

- 1 **T**Hou Shepherd that doſt Iſrael keep
 Give ear *in time of need,*
 Who leadeſt like a flock of ſheep
 Thy loved Joſeph's feed,
 That fit'ſt between the Cherubs *bright*
 Between their wings out-ſpread
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
 And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manaſſe's fight,
 Awake * thy ſtrength, come, and *be ſeen* * *Gnoreræ.*
 To ſave us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
 To us O God vouchſafe;

Cauſe

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,

And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,

How long wilt thou declare **Gnasbant a.*

Thy **smooking* wrath, *and angry brow*

Against thy Peoples prayer.

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,

Their bread with tears they eat, **Shalish.*

And mak'st them **largely* drink the tears

Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*

To every neighbour foe,

Among themselves they **laugh*, they **play*,

And **flouts* at us they throw. **Filgnague.*

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,

O God of Hosts *vouchsafe*,

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,

And then we shall be safe.

8 A Vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,

Thy free love made it thine,

And drov'st out Nations, *proud and haught*,

To plant this *lovely* Vine.

- 9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the Land at last.
- 10 With her *green shade* that cover'd all,
The Hills were *over-spread,*
Her Bows as *high as Cedars tall*
Advanc'd their lofty head.
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the Sea she sent,
And *upward* to that River wide
Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low,
And brok'n down her Fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tusked Boar* out of the Wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender Shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,

Behold *us*, but without a frown,

And visit this *thy* Vine.

15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand

Hath set, and planted *long*,

And the young branch, that for thy self

Thou hast made firm and strong.

16 But now it is consum'd with fire,

And cut *with Axes* down,

They perish at thy dreadful ire,

At thy rebuke and frown.

17 Upon the Man of thy right hand

Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,

Upon the Son of Man, whom thou

Strong for thy self hast made.

18 So shall we not go back from thee

To ways of sin and shame,

Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* we

Shall call upon thy Name.

19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*

Lord God of Hosts *vouchsafe*

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,

And then we shall be safe.

P S A L. LXXXI.

- 1 **T**O God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*
Sing loud to God *our King,*
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*
Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song,
The Timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* Pfaltry bring along,
And harp *with* pleasant string.
- 3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new Moon
With Trumpets *lofty sound,*
Th'appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn Feast *comes round.*
- 4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*
For Israel *to observe,*
A Law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not swerve.
- 5 This he a Testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change,*
When as he pass'd through Ægypt Land;
The Tongue I heard was strange.

6 From burden, *and from slavish toyle*

I fet his shoulder free:

His hands from pots, *and mirie soyle,*

Deliver'd were *by me.*

7 When trouble did thee fore assail,

On me then didst thou call,

And I to free thee *did not fail,*

And led thee out of thrall.

I answer'd thee in * Thunder deep

With clouds encompass'd round;

* *Be Sether
ragnam.*

I try'd thee at the water *steep*

Of Meriba *renown'd.*

8 Hear, O my People, *heark'n well,*

I testifie to thee,

Thou ancient stock of Israel,

If thou wilt list to me,

9 Throughout the Land of thy abode

No alien God shall be,

Nor shalt thou to a foreign God

In Honour bend thy knee.

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought

Thee out of Ægypt Land,

Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice;

And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear*,

Mislik'd me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will,

And to their wandring mind;

Their own conceits they follow'd still,

Their own devices blind.

13 O that my People would *be wise*,

To serve me *all their days*

And O that Israel would *advise*

To walk my *righteous* ways.

14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,

That now so proudly rise,

And turn my hand against *all those*

That are their enemies.

15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*

To bow to him and bend,

But *they, his People, should remain*,

Their time should have no end.

16 And we would feed them *from the shock*
 With Flow'r of finest wheat,
 And satisfie them from the rock
 With Honey *for their meat.*

P S A L. LXXXII.

**Bagnadath-el.*

GOd in the * great * assembly stands
Of Kings and lordly States,

*A*mong the Gods, † on both his hands † *Bekerev.*

*H*e judges and debates.

*H*ow long will ye * pervert the right **Tishphetu*

*W*ith * judgment false and wrong, *gnavel.*

*F*avouring the wicked *by your might,*

*W*ho thence grow bold and strong.

**R*egard the * weak and fatherless ** Shiptbudal*

**D*ispatch the * poor man's cause,

† raise the man in deep distress

† just and equal Laws. *† Hatzdiku.*

*D*efend the poor and desolate,

*A*nd rescue from the hands

Of wicked men the low estate

Of him *that help demands.*

5 They know not, nor will understand,

In darkness they walk on,

The earth's foundations all are *mov'd,

And *out of order gon.

**Fimmotu.*

6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all

The Sons of God most high,

7 But ye shall die like men, and fall

As other Princes *die.*

8 Rise God, *judge thou the earth *in might,*

This *wicked* earth *redrefs,

**Shiphta.*

For thou art he who shalt by right

The Nations all possess

PSAL. LXXXIII.

1 **B**E not thou silent *now at length,*

O God hold not thy peace,

Sit thou not still O God of *strength,*

We cry, and do not cease.

2 For lo thy *furious* foes now **swell*,
 And **storm* outrageously, **Jehemajun.*

And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
 Exalt their heads full high.

3 Against thy People they †*contrive* †*Jagnarimu.*
 †*Their Plots and Counsels deep,* †*Sod.*

**Them to insnare they chiefly strive,*
 **Jithjagnatsu gnal.*

**Whom thou dost hide and keep.* **Tsephuneca.*

4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
 Till they no Nation be,

That Israel's name for ever may
 Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult †*with all their might,*
 And all as one in mind †*Levjachdan.*

Themselves against thee they unite,
 And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,

Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,

That in the Desert dwell,

7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
 And *hateful* Amalec,

The Philiftians, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the Sea doth check.

8 With them *great Afshur* alfo bands
And doth confirm the knot,
All thefe have lent their armed hands
 To aid the Sons of Lot.

9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coaft,

To Sifera, and as *is told*
Thou didft to Jabin's hoaft,

When at the brook of Kifhon old
They were repuls'd and slain,

10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
 As dung upon the Plain.

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
 So let their Princes fpeed,

As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled,*
 So let their Princes *bleed.*

12 *For they amidst their pride* have faid,
 By right now fhall we feize

God's Houfes, and *will now invade*
 † Their ftately Palaces. † *Neoth Elohim bears both.*

13 My God, oh make them as a Wheel,

No quiet let them find,

Giddy and *restless* let them reel

Like stubble from the wind.

14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire

Which on a sudden straiies,

The *greedy* Flame runs higher and higher

Till all the Mountains blaze,

15 So with thy whirl-wind them pursue,

And with thy tempest chase;

16 * And till they * yield thee honour due;

Lord fill with shame their face. **They seek thy*

17 Asham'd, and troubl'd let them be,

Name. Heb.

Troubl'd, and sham'd for ever,

Ever confounded, and so die

With shame, *and scape it never.*

18 Then shall they know that thou whose name

Jehovah is alone,

Art the most high, *and thou the same*

O'er all the earth *art one.*

P S A L. LXXXIV.

1 **H**Ow lovely are thy dwellings fair!

O Lord of Hosts, how dear

The *pleasant* Tabernacles are!

Where thou dost dwell so near.

2 My Soul doth long and almost die

Thy Courts O Lord to see,

My heart and flesh aloud do cry,

O living God, for thee.

3 There ev'n the Sparrow *freed from wrong*

Hath found a house of *rest*,

The Swallow there, to lay her young

Hath built her *brooding* nest,

Ev'n by thy Altars, Lord of Hosts,

They find their safe abode,

And home they fly from round the Coasts

Toward thee, my King, my God.

4 Happy, who in thy house reside,

Where thee they ever praise,

5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,

And in their hearts thy ways.

6 They

- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirstie* Vale,
That *dry and barren* ground,
As through a fruitful watry Dale
Where Springs and Show'rs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength
With *joy and gladson* cheer,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts hear *now* my prayer
O Jacob's God give ear,
- 9 Thou God our shield look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*
Is better, *and more blest*,
Than *in the joyes of Vanity*,
A thousand days *at best*.
- I in the Temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in Tents, *and rich abode*,
With Sin *for evermore*.
- 11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
Gives grace and glory *bright*,

No good from them shall be with-held

Whose ways are just and right.

12 Lord God of Hosts *that* raign'st on high,

That man is *truly* blest,

Who *only* on thee doth relie,

And in thee only rest.

PSAL. LXXXV.

1 **T**HY Land to favour graciously

Thou hast not Lord been slack,

Thou hast from *hard* Captivity

Returned Jacob back.

2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive

That wrought thy People woe,

And all their Sin, *that* did thee grieve,

Hast hid *where* none shall know.

3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,

And *calmly* didst return

From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd,

Far worse than fire to burn.

† Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*

4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore,

Thine indignation cause to cease

Toward us, *and chide no more.*

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus,

Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From Age to Age on us?

6 Wilt thou not *turn, and *hear our voice,*

And us again *revive, *Heb. *turn to quicken us.*

That so the People may rejoyce
By thee preserv'd alive.

Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,

7 To us thy mercy shew,

Thy saving health to us afford,

And life in us renew.

8 And now what God the Lord will speak,

I will go strait and hear,

For his people he speaks peace,

And to his Saints *full dear,*

To him dear Saints he will speak peace,

But let them never more

Return to folly, *but surcease*

To trespass as before.

9 Surely to such as do him fear

Salvation is at hand,

And glory shall *e'er long appear*

To dwell within our Land.

10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*

Now *joyfully* are met,

Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,

And hand in hand are set.

11 Truth from the Earth, *like to a Flow'r,*

Shall bud and blossom *then,*

And Justice from her Heav'nly bow'r

Look down *on mortal men.*

12 The Lord will also then bestow

Whatever thing is good,

Our Land shall forth in plenty throw

Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him Righteousness shall go

His Royal Harbinger,

Then * will he come, and not be slow,

His footsteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

PSAL. LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**HY *gracious* ear, O Lord, encline,
 O hear me *I thee pray*,
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, *and sad decay*.
- 2 Preserve my Soul, for † I have trod † Heb. *I am*
 Thy wayes, and love the just, *good, loving*
 Save thou thy Servant, O my God, *a doer of*
 Who *still* in thee doth trust. *good and*
holy things.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call; 4. O make rejoyce
 Thy Servant's Soul; for Lord to thee
 I lift my Soul *and voice*,
- 5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
 To pardon, thou to all
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
 Give ear, and to the cry
 Of my *incessant* prayers afford
 Thy hearing graciously.

- 7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid*;
For thou wilt *grant me free access*,
And answer, what I pray'd.
- 8 Like thee among the Gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The Nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorifie thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlasting Seat*
Remaineft God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore

With my whole heart, and blaze abroad

Thy name for evermore.

13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,

And thou hast free'd my Soul,

Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free

From deepest darkness foul.

14 O God the proud against me rise,

And violent men are met

To seek my life, and in their eyes

No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,

Readiest thy grace to shew,

Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*

Most merciful, most true.

16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*

And me have mercy on,

Unto thy fervant give thy strength,

And save thy hand-maid's Son.

17 Some sign of good to me afford,

And let my foes *then* see,

And be asham'd, because thou Lord

Dost help and comfort me.

P S A L. LXXXVII.

1 **A**mong the holy Mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast,
There Seated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac'd.
 2 Sion's *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings *fair*
 Of Jacob's *Land*, though there be store,
And all within his care.
 3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
 4 I mention Ægypt, where proud Kings
Did our Forefathers yoke.
 I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia *full of scorn*,
 And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends*,
 Lo this man there was born:
 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
 Be said of Sion *last*,
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast.

6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle

That ne'er shall be out-worn,

When he the Nations doth enrowle,

That this man there was born.

7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,

With sacred Songs are there,

In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*

And all my fountains clear.

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

1 **L**ord God that dost me save and keep,

All day to thee I cry;

And all night long, before thee *weep,*

Before thee *prostrate lie.*

2 Into thy presence let my pray'r

With sighs devout ascend,

And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*

Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store

Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,

My

My life *at death's uncheerful door*

Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass

Down to the *dismal* pit,

I am a * man, but weak alas,

And for that name unfit.

* Heb. *A man without manly strength.*

5 From life discharg'd and parted quite

Among the dead to *sleep*,

And like the slain *in bloody fight*

That in the Grave lie *deep*.

Whom thou rememberest no more,

Dost never more regard,

Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er

Death's hideous house bath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest Pit *profound*

Hast set me *all forlorn*,

Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,

In horrid deeps *to mourn*.

7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,

Full fore doth press on me;

* Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,

* And all thy waves break me.

* *The Hebr.
bears both.*

Poems on several Occasions.

Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
To them odious, *for they change,*
And I here pent up thus.

Through sorrow, and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I spread.

Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd arise

And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell

On whom the Grave *hath hold,*
Or they who in perdition dwell,

Thy faithfulness *unfold?*

12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*

Or wondrous acts be known,

Thy justice in the *gloomy land*

Of *dark oblivion?*

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,

E'er yet my life be spent,

And

And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie*,

Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my Soul forsake,

And hide thy face from me,

15 That am already bruis'd, and † shake

With terror sent from thee? † Heb. *Præ Concuossine*

Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*

As ready to expire,

While I thy terrors undergo

Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,

Thy threatnings cut me through:

17 All day they round about me go,

Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,

And sever'd from me far:

They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,

And as in darknes are.

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John 13
A 3

JOANNIS MILTONI

L O N D I N E N S I S

POEMAT A.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum
Ætatis Vigefimum Confcipfit.

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA.

Quorum plerisque inter Annos
Ætatis Viginti Conscriptis.

HÆc quæsequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; Cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi que quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

Ad

*Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos
laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina,
atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli
Romani.*

CEde Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum definat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRæcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

ERgimi all' Etra o Clio
Perche di stelle intrecciero corona
Non pieu del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,

Dienfi

*Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A celeste virtu celesti pregi.*

*Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l'oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtu m'addatti, e feriro la morte.*

*Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Pero che il suo valor l'umano eccede:
Questa seconda sa produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.*

*Alla virtu sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli e sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtu, vero il mio Canto.*

Lungi

*Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l'industrie ardente brama;
Ch'udio d'Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle piu belle Idee trasse il priu raro.*

*Così l'Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.*

*Di bella gloria amentata
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgisti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell'Italia ancor gl'Eroi piu degni.*

*Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino*

Chi

*Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L'ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtu l'Idea.*

*Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l'arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell'opre loro.*

*Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.*

*I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.*

Non

*Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
 Fermesi immoto, e in un sermin si gl' anni,
 Che di virtu immortale
 Scorrion di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
 Che s'opre degne di Poema e storia
 Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.*

*Dammi tua dolce Cetra
 Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
 Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
 Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
 Il Tamigi il dira che gl' e concesso
 Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.*

*Io che in riva del Arno
 Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
 So che fatico indarno.
 E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
 Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
 Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.*

Del fig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo

Florentino.

JOANNI

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio.

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguae jam deperditae sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos, intelligat.

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque, sensus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui

*Cui in Memoria totus Orbis: In Intellectu
Sapientia: In voluntate ardor gloriæ: In ore
Eloquentia: Harmonicos cœlestium Sphærarum
sonitus Astronomia Duce audienti; Characteres
mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo de-
scribitur magistra Philosophia legenti; Antiqui-
tatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis
ambages comite assidua autorum Lectione.*

*Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?*

*Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ
non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis
satis est. Reverentiæ & amoris ergo hoc ejus
meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Ca-
rolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.*

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

E L E-

ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

Elegia prima ad CAROLUM D I O D A T U M.

TAndem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
 Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas;
 Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
 Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.
 Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
 Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua fodalem.
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
 Me tenet urbs reflûâ quam Thamésis alluit undâ,
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
 Quàm male Phoebicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri
 Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemve recuso,
 Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
 Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,
 Sive decennali foecundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto barbarâ verba foro,
 Sepe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;

Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
 Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,
 Et dolet, & specto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
 Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
 Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,
 Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
 Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sydera flammæ
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
 Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus!

Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.
 Pellacesque genas, ad quos hyacinthina sordet
 Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
 Cedite Achæmenia turritâ fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
 Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpæia Musa columnas
 Jactet, & Aufoniis plena theatre stolis.
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera fat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,

Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auróque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias,
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus:
 Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, & roseam post habitura Cypron,
 Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,
 Mœnia quàm subito linqere fausta paro;
 Et vitare pocul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucae murmur adire Scholæ.
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,

Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æfonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicuâ revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, sepe rogante dea.
 Tu si iussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.
 Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Atridæ iussa fœvera ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegëia tristes,
 Personet & totis nœnia mœsta scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præfulis Wintoniensis.

MOestus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante fede-
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo, (bam,
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis Imago
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit fatrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.
 Et memini Heroum quos videt ad ætheria raptos,
 Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
 At te præcipuè luxi dignissime Præful,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
 Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar,
 Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne fatis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,

Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa,
 Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
 Et quod alunt mutum Poteos antra pecus.
 Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
 Quid Juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam fede fugâsse suâ
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiacò submerferat æquore currum
 Phœbus, ab eöo littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos.
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum,
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.

Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi, Zephiro Chloris amata levi.
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea Campos,
 Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
 Ipse racimiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
 Ecce mihi subito Præful Wintonius estat,
 Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore Jubar;
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
 Agmina gemmatis plaudent cœlestia pennis,
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore fonos;

Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
 Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
 Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi,

Elegia quarta. Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium Præceptorem suum, apud Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.

CURRE per immensum subito mea littera pontum
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
 Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obftet eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
 Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos;
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam,
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales,
 Vesta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore Viri.

Aut

Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
 Atque ubi germanas flavere videbis arenas
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ moenia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præful Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
 Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
 Charior ille mihi quam tu doctissime Graium
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.
 Quàmque Stagirites genoroso magnus alumno,
 Quem perperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Quales Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
 Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.

Flammeus at signum ter vidit arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlori senilem,
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
 Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
 Cælestive animas faturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam, sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit fera, salutem;
 Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.

Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
 Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit.
 Arguitur tardas meritò, noxamque fatetur,
 Et pudet officium deferuisse suum.
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue Leo.
 Sæpe farissiferi crudelia pectora Thræcis
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
 Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
 In tibi finitimis belle tumere locis,
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse daces.
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
 Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat.

Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
 Illuc Odryfios Mars pater egit equos.
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
 Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
 Fugit Io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad superas iusta volasse domos.
 Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis & ignoto solus inopsque solo;
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria dura parens, & faxis sævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui:
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus;
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum?
 Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,

Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effuit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
 Talis & horrifono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscofæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Jesum
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
 At tu fume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
 Ille tibe custos, & pugil ille tibi;
 Ille Sionææ qui tot suæ mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
 Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornera Pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,

Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque altâ vitûm.
 Et tu (quod superest miseri) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum Veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros Vere tepente novos.
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
 Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere Veris adest?
 Munere Veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt.

Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, & sonitus me facer intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum.
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iste furor?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
 Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
 Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus!
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum Veris uterque canat.
 Veris Io rediere vices, celebremus honores
 Veris, & hoc fubeat Musa perennis opus.
 Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
 Flectit ad arctoas aurea lora plagas.

E breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Iamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ,
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.
Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocta puellâ
Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Lætâ suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut vidit alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officio fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Defere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.

Exuit

Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
 Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;
 Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ?
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis.
 Ecce coronatur sacra frons ardua luco,
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos
 Floribus & visa est posse placera suis.
 Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,
 Tenario placuit divi Sicana Deo.
 Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.
 Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
 Nec sine dote tuos timeraria quærit amores
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
 Præbet, & hinc tuculos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
 Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)

Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vâslo,

Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.

Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo

In verspertinas præcipitaris aquas,

Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phoebe diurno

Hesperiiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?

Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,

Dia quid immundo perluis ora solo?

Frigora Phoebe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,

Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.

Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,

Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.

Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans.

Aura per humentes corpora fusa rofas.

Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,

Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;

Cum tu Phoebe tuo sapientius uteris igni,

Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.

Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;

Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.

Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,

Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.

Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
 Quæque fedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
 Ipsa fenefcentem reparat Venus annua formam,
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
 Litus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
 Virgineos auro cincta puella finus.
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum. (unum,
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
 Natvia nocturno placat sua sydera cantu,
 Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
 Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri cum fera crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,

Sylvanusque suâ Cyparissi fronde revinctus,

Semicaperque deus, semideusque caper.

Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis

Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.

Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,

Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,

Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,

Consult in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes,

Jamque latet, latitanisque cupit male tecta videri,

Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.

Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,

Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.

Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,

Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.

Te referant miseris, te Jupiter aurea terris

Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?

Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales

Quà potes, & sensim tempora veris eant.

Brumaque productas tardé ferat hispida noctes,

Ingruat & nostro serior umbra polo.

Elegia sexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, & sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hunc habuit responsum.

Mitto tibi fanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Qua tu distento fortè carere potes.
 At tua quid nostram prolestat Musa camœnam,
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includiter arctis,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
 Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim
 Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,
 Deliciasque refers, hybernæ gaudia ruris,
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos.
 Quid queritis refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.

Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,

Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.

Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euce

Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.

Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:

Non illic epulæ non fata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum

Cantavit brevidus Tëia Musa modis,

Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Evan,

Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum?

Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,

Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.

Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho

Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen,

Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,

Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.

Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,

Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.

Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phœbum

Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.

Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te

Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.

Nunc

Nunc quoque Threſſa tibi cæſato barbitos auro
 Inſonat argutâ molliter iſta manu;
 Auditurque chelys ſuſpenſa tapetia circum,
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
 Illa tuas ſaltem teneant ſpectacula Muſas,
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
 Crede mihi dum pſallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 Implet odoratos feſta chorea tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora ſerpere Phœbum,
 Quale repentinus permeat oſſa calor,
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque ſonantem:
 Irruet in totos lapſa Thalia ſinus.
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum eſt,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa ſuos;
 Liber adeſt elegis, Eratoque, Cereſque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
 Sæpius & veteri commaduiffi mero.
 At qui bella refert, & adulto ſub Jove cœlum,
 Heroasque pios, ſemideosque duces,
 Et nunc ſancta canit ſuperum conſulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,

quid
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t pro
Sobri
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Hoc rit
Lun
Et lare
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Sic da
Dulichium
Et per
Et
Perque
Dicitur
Diis etenim
Spirat &
At tu
Esse
parcè Samii pro more magistri
& innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
fagineo pellucida lymphæ catillo,
huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juvenus,
& sine labe manus.
ad infensos augur iture Deos.
Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
neon profugum Calchanta, senemque
pis edomitis sola per antra feris;
exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam
tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro
umbrarum detinuisse greges.
facer est vates, divumque sacerdos,
& occultum pectus, & ore Jovem.
scitabere (si modò saltem
putas tanti noscere siquid agam)

Paciferum canimus cœlesti femine regem,
 Fauſtaque ſacratis ſæcula pacta libris,
 Vagitumque Dei, & ſtabulantem paupere teſto
 Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit.
 Stelliparumque polum, modulanteſque æthere turmas,
 Et ſubitò elifos ad ſua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Chriſti natalibus illa
 Illa ſub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque preſſa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis inſtar eris.

Elegia ſeptima, Anno Ætatis undevigeſimo.

Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathuſia nôram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit,
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, ſagittas,
 Atque tuum ſprevi maxime, numen, Amor,
 Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
 Aut de paſſeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
 Hæc ſunt militiæ digna prophæa tuæ;

In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?

Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.

Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras

Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.

Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ

Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:

At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem

Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.

Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,

Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:

Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis oceli,

Et quicquid puero, dignum & Amore fuit.

Talis in æternò juvenis Sigeius Olympo

Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;

Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula Nymphas

Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas;

Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares,

Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.

Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,

Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.

Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,

Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.

Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, messit & ille mihi;
 Et quoties meminet Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certius & gravius tele nocere mea,
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques.
 Cydoniusque mihi credit venator, & ille
 Infcius uxori qui necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
 Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
 Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille finus.
 At mihi rifuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat,
 Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.

Turba frequens, facièque fimillima turba dearum
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
 Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phoebus habet.
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
 Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
 Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis à tergo grandi pependit onus.
 Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
 Infilît hinc libiis, infidet inde genis:
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
 Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.

Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
 Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptaque tàm subito gaudia flere juvat.
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
 Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus, amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, & coràm tristia verba loqui!
 Forsitan & duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras furdeat illa preces.
 Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
 Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
 Parce precor teneri cum sis deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:

Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
Solut & in superis tu mihi summus eris.

Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores,
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:

Tu modo di facilis, posthac mea siqua futura est,
Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.

Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.

Ponere Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.

Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.

Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse Sagittis,
Et Diomedéam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

CUm simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
 Fallor? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus;
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liquit Iôrdanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

Siccine tentasti cœlo donâsse Jacobum
 Quæ septemgemino Belua monte lates?
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.
 Ille quidem sine te confortia ferus adivit
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
 Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi cœli vix bene scandet iter.

In eandem.

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
 Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus.
 Frenduit hoc trinā monstrum Latiale coronā
 Movit & horrificum corona dena minax.
 Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,
 Supplicium spretā religionē dabis.
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammās triste patebit iter.
 O quā funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

Quem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnarāt Tænarioque sinu,
Hunc vice mutatā jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In inventorem Bombardæ.

JApetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen furripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.

Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo

Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!

Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem

Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,

Quamvis Dircaëo torfisset lumina Pentheo

Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,

Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus

Voce eadem poteràs composuisse tuâ;

Et poteràs ægro spirans sub corde quietem

Flexanimo cantu restituuisse sibi.

Ad eandem.

Credula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,

Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,

Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ

Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?

Illâ

Ille quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Paufilipi.

Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Rustico & Hero.

Rusticus ex Malo sapidissima poma quotannis
Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:

Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus

Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.

Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,

Mota solo assueto, protenûs aret iners.

Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,

Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.

Atque ait, heu quantò fatius fuit illa Coloni

(Parvi licet) grato dona tulisse animo!

Possẽm Ego avaritiam frœnare, gulamque voracem:

Nunc periẽre mihi & foetus & ipse parens.

Elegiarum Finis.

LVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

Obitum Procancellarii medici.

Arere fati discite legibus,

Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,

ui pendulum telluris orbem

la peti colitis nepotes.

fi relicto mors vaga Tænaro

Vos el vocarit flebilis, heu moræ

Sem entantur incassum dolique;

Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est,

destinatum pellere dextera

Si tem valeret, non ferus Hercules

M essi venenatus cruore

Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.

fraude turpi Pallidis invidæ

N aisset occisum Ilion Hæctora, aut

V

Quem

Quem larva Pelidis peremit

Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si triste fatum verba Hecatæia

Fugare possint, Telegoni parens

Vixisset infamis, potentique

Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant

Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,

Non gnarus herbarum Machaon

Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.

Læsisset & nec te Philyreie

Sagitta echidnæ perlita Sanguine,

Nec tela te fulmenque avitum

Cæse puer genitricis alvo.

Tuque O alumno major Apolline,

Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,

Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,

Et mediis Helicon in undis,

Jam præfuißes Paladio gregi

Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,

Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis

Horribiles barathri recessus.

t fila rupit Persephone tua

tata, cum te viderit artibus

Succoque pollenti tot atris

Faucibus eripuisse mortis.

Colende Præses, membra precor tua

Molli quiescant cespitem, & ex tuo

Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,

Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.

Sit mite de te Judicium Æaci,

Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,

Interque felices perennis

Elysio spatium campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAm pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patientia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile foedus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjuxerat Anglica Scotis;
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque fedebat
 In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis:
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus.

Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris focios, vernasque fideles,
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 Armat & invictas in mutua viscere gentes;
 Regnaque olivifera vertis florentia pace,
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
 Infidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illuni, & somno nictantibus astris,
 Talibus infestat Populos Summanus & urbes
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine Flammæ.
 Jamque fluentifonis albentia rupibus arva
 Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Æquore tranato fruriali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnata crudelia sæcula Troiæ.

10
At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur,
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphœus
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ic̃taque cuspide cuspis
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tantamina possunt:
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta,
Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quâ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent,
Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat alpes,
Et tenet Aufoniæ fines, à parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
Dextra beneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tiberis Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.

Red-

Reddiderant dubiam jam fera crepuscula lucem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci
 Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes,
 Tempa dein multis fubeunt lucentia tædis
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Eribi taciturna reliquit,
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēque ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres.

Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)

At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
 Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune falaces.
 Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.
 Talis uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
 Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaq; triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
 Surge, age, furge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat.
 Cui referata patet convexi janua coeli,
 Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,

Sa-

Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
 Et memor Hesperiaë disiectam ulciscere classem,
 Merfaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
 Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
 Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
 Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceffes,
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est,
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
 Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos

Pro-

Propositi, factique mone, quisquámne tuorum
Audebit summi non iussa faceffere Papæ.

Perculsoſque metu ſubito, caſumque ſtupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.

Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.

Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis.

Dixit & adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;

Mæſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;

Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ
Nocturnos viſus, & ſomnia grata revolvens

Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis
Efferat quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.

Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,
Oſſa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro;

Hic dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis,

Jur-

Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fauces.
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur
 Et timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes,
 Exululat tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat.
 Ipsi etiam pavidī latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloq; sequente per antrum
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
 Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
 Finibus occiduis circumfufum incolit æquor
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leves diffilentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex & pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
 Consilii focios adhibete, operisque ministros.
 Finierat, rigidi cupidâ paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
 Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,

Atque

Atque fui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quàm distat ab Afide terra
 Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mareotidas undas;
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata fufurros;
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulcralia bombis
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen
 Ipsa quidem summâ fedet ultrix matris in arce,
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
 Nec tot Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
 Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
 Perlustræ, etiam radianti impervia soli.
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis

Cui-

Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
 Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracias ullum,
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
 Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terræque tremante:
 Fama files? an te latet impia Papistarum
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Jäcobo:
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
 Et fatis ante fugax stridentes induit alas,
 Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:
 Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,

Anthoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
In fidiis loca structa filet; stupere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Et fætique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas rapantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

*Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Præfulis
 Eliensis.*

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina;
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
Wintoniensis Præfulis.

Cum

Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper inali
 Cladisque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniaë,
 Populosque Neptuno fatos,
 Cessisse morti, & ferreis fororibus
 Te generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti insulâ
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
 Nec vota Nafo in Ibida
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,
 Graiusque vates parcus
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum
 Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,
 Audisse tales videor attonitus fonos
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
 Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque & irritas minas,
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,

Subitoque ad iras percita?

Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,

Mors atra Noctis filia,

Erebóve patre Creta, five Erinnye,

Vastove nata sub Chao:

Ast illa coelo missa stellato, Dei

Messes ubique colligit;

Animasque mole carneâ reconditas

In lucem & auras evocat:

Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem

Themidos Jovisque filia;

Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;

At justa raptat impios

Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,

Sedesque subterraneas

Hanc ut vocantem lætus audiui, cito

Fœdum reliqui carcerem,

Volatilesque faustus inter milites

Ad astra sublimis feror:

Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum fenex

Auriga currus ignei,

Non me Bootis terruere lucidi

Sarraca tarda frigore, aut

For-

Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis Orion tuus.
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
 Longéque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
 Frænis dracones aureis.
 Erraticorum syderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, & regiam Chrystallinam, &
 Stratum smaragdis Atrium.
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
 Oriundus humano patre
 Amoenitates illius loci? mihi
 Sat est in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

Heu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immerfa
 profundis

Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!

Quæ vefana fuis metiri facta deorum

Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni

Affimilare fuis, nulloque folubile sæclo

Confilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obfita rugis

Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater

Omniparum contracta uterum sterilefcet ab ævo?

Et fe faffa fenem malè certis paffibus ibit

Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuftas

Annorumque æterna fames, fqualorque fitufque

Sidera vexabunt? an & infatiabile Tempus

Efuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?

Heu, potuitne fuas imprudens Jupiter arces

Hoc contra muniffe nefas, & temporis ifto

Exemiffe malo, gyrofque dediffe perennes?

Ergo erit ut quandoque fono dilapfa tremendo

Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obuius ictu

Stridat uterque polus, fuperâque ut Olympius aulâ

Decidat, horribilifque relectâ Gorgone Pallas.

Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon

Deturbata facro cecidit de limine cœli.

Tu quoque Phœbe tui cafus imitabere nati

Præ-

Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
 Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia fibila ponto.
 Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
 Diffultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
 Terrebut Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
 Raptat & ambit os fociâ vertigine cœlos.
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors
 Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
 Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
 Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
 Mane vocans, & ferus agens in pascua cœli,
 Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.

Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
 Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest, fervatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem
 Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic deniq; in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cœli;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

*De Idea Platonica quemadmodum
Aristoteles intellexit.*

Dicite sacrorum præfides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta fervans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Coelique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura fit communior,
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
Coeli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimùmve terris incolit Lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Obliviofas torpet ad Lethes aquas:

Sive

Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et iis tremendus erigit celsum caput
 Atlante major portitore syderum.
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
 Dircaus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
 Non hunc facerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem,
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxit scholis)
 Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
 Surgat in Officium venerandi Musa parentis.
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptiùs à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum par gratia donis
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
 Quas mihi semoto fomni perperere sub antro,
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & femina cœli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
 Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.

Carmen

Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phæbades, & tremulæ pallantes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo fociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sydereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio manfuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæq; immensa vorago
Nota Gulæ, & modico spumabat coena Lyæo.

Tum

Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
 Æsculeâ intonfos redimitus ab arbore crines,
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
 Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur :
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut fimules teneras odisse camœnas,
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
 Certaue condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaue gentis
 Jura, nec infulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditefcere mentem,
 Me procul urbano ftrepitu, feceffibus altis
 Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
 Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
 Me pofcunt majora, tuo pater optime fumptu
 Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant,
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere fuafifti quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæftinus loquitur myfteria vates.
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, fubjectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,
 Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
 Per te noffe licet, per te, fi noffe libebit.

Dimo-

Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malefanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perúanaque regna præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donâset ut omnia, cœlo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
 Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;
 In me triste nihil foedissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,

Sit

Sit memorâsse fatis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, Iufus,
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini supereffe rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapiant oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forſitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, fero fervabitis ævo.

PSAL. CXIV.

Σεαήλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ιακώβε
 Ἀιγύπτον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
 τότε μένον ἔλω ὅσιον γένε' ἦος Ἰσδ'α.

δε θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.

ἢ ἐν τρηπὰδ' ἔφυγε δ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα

ἔτι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὅδ' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθη

Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.

ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,

καὶ σφρυγῶντες ἑὺτραφεῶς ἐν ἀλῶνι.

ἔπειτα δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρέπναι,

πασαι σύριγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρῃ ἄρνες.

σὺ γ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας;

Κύματι

Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθία; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθης
 Ἰερὸς Ιορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;
 Τίπ' ὄρεα σκαρμῶισιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε
 Ὡς κοῦνι σφελγόντης εὐτραφερώ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
 Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὑμμεῖς ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίωναι,
 Οἷα παρὰ σύμφυτι φιλή ὑπὸ μητρίαι ἄρνες,
 Σείεο γαῖα τρέεσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
 Γαῖα θεὸν τρέισσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσακίδαο
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμὸς χέει μορμύρονης,
 Κρήνιντ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

*Philosophus ad regem quendam qui eum ignotum &
 insontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnav-
 rat τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενον hac subito mi-
 sit.*

Ὡς ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσης με τ' ἐννομον, εἰδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
 Δεινὸν ὅλως δρᾶσαντα, σφώτατον ἴδι κάρηνον
 Ρηϊδικὸς ἀφέλοιό, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
 Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,
 Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλει περ μώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσας.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χεὶρὶ τῷδε μὲν εἰκόνα

Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἰδὼ αὐτοφυῆς βλέπων
 Τὸν δ' ἐκλυπωτὸν ἐκ ἐπιγνόντες φίλοι
 Τελᾶτε φαύλα δυσμίμημα ζωγράφει.

*Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum egro-
 tantem.*

S C A Z O N T E S.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cum decentes flava Dëiope furas
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
 Adestum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis,
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum relinquens nidum
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Infanientis impotensque pulmonis
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)

Venit

Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
 Virofque doctæque indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
 Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
 O dulce divûm munus, O salus Hebes
 Germana ! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
 Pythone cæso, five tu magis Pæan
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
 Sic ille charis redditus rursus Musis
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
 Tumidusque & ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus

Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in sepulchris ibit obfessum reges
Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

Mansus.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non & bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Gerusalemme conquiftrata, libro 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
Risplende il Manfo —

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentia prosecutus est, multaue ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆc quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina
laudi

Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,

Quan-

Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus ho-
 Post galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetrusci. [nore,

Tu quoque si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque fedebis.

Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso

Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.

Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum

Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,

Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores;

Mollis & Aufonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.

Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates

Ossa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.

Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,

Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.

Nec fatis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant

Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,

Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:

Amborum genus, & varia sub forte peractam

Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Mivervæ;

Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam

Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.

Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phoebi

Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum

Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare musam,
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
 Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quà plaga septeno mundi fulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
 Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
 Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinœida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortu-

Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumq; virorum,
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
 Cynthus, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas:
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
 Rura Pheretiadae coelo fugitivus Apollo;
 Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepit hospes;
 Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile manfueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosaeque tecta
 Peneium prope rivum: ibi saepe sub ilice nigrâ
 Ad citharae strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nex fixa sub imo,
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
 Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
 Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine Phoebus,

Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
 Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
 Nondum deciduos fervans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vicens, & adultum mentis acumen.
 O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum
 Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
 Aut dicam invictæ fociali fœdere mensæ,
 Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus ad sit)
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenfus tempora vitæ,
 Annorumque fatur cineri sua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
 Astanti sat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ;
 Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
 Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
 Forsitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Phaphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse

Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
 Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
 (Quantum fata finunt) & tota mente serenûm
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITA-

EPITAPHIUM

D A M O N I S.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniae Pastores, eadem studia sequuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

EPITA-

EPITAPHIUM

DAMONIS.

Himerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hylan,
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
 Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque, altam
 Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.

Aft

Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
 Cura vocat, simul assuetâ feditque sub ulmo,
 Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
 Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon;
 Siccine nos linqvis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
 Ibit, & obscuris numero fociabitur umbris?
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
 Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,
 Palladiâsque artes, fociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,

At

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni
 Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus auster
 Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ.
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sæpe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,

Hic

Hic ferum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphefibœus ad ornos,
Ad falices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina musco,
Hîc Zephiri, hîc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat
(Et callebat avium linguas, & sydera Mopsus)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquio figit præcordia plumbo

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?

Quid

Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventa
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
 Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem
 Jure petit, bis ille miser qui ferus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle
 Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri,

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam fecernit amicum
 De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
 Admina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
 Farra libens volitet, ferò sua tecta revisens,
 Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinus ille alium focio petit inde volatu.

Nos

Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
 Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam!
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam?
 Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viferet olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot faxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes.
 Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit
 Pastores Thufci, Musis operata juvenus,
 Hic Charis, atq; Lepos; & Thuscus tu quoq; Damon.
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quàm mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm
 Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
 Fuscellæ; calathique & cerea vincla cicutæ,
 Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
 Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
 Et studies noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
 Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus;
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
 Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,
 Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
 Imus? & argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbra,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
 Helleborùmque, humilésq; crocos, foliumq; hyacinthi?

G g

Quasque

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum,
 Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
 Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,
 Dissiluire tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
 Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
 Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
 Brennûmque Arvigarûmque duces, priscûmq; Belinu
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jógernen
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlóis arma,
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
 Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camoenis
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
 Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)

Si

Si me flava comas legat Ufa, & potor Alauni,
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
 Et Thamefis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
 Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi fervabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
 Hæc, & plura simul tum quæ mihi pocula, Manus,
 Manus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
 In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver
 Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama silvæ,
 Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus,
 Quis putet? hic quoq; Amor, pictæq; in nube phætræ,
 Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi.
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem
 Impiger, & pronos nunquam collinat ad ictus,
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
 Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
 Heroùmque animas inter, divósque perennes,
 Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
 Ore sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
 Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicumque vocaris,
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, five æquior audis,
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
 Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei fervantur honores;
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
 Letaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrsos.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad Joannem Rousium Oxoniensis Academiae
Bibliothecarium.

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mit-
ti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca
publica reponeret, Ode.*

Strophe 1.

GEmelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiêque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii Poetæ;
Dum vagus Aufonias nunc per umbras
Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit
Infons populi, barbitòque devius
Indulfit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antistrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?

Cum tu missus ab urbe,

Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,

Illustre tendebas iter

Thamesis ad incunabula

Cærulei patris,

Fontes ubi limpidi

Aonidum, thyasusque facer

Orbi notus per immensos,

Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,

Celeberque futurus in ævum,

Strophe. 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo

Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem

(Si fatis noxas luimus priores

Mollique luxu degener otium)

Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,

Almaque revocet studia sanctus

Et relegatas sine fede Musas

Jam

Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
 Immundasque volucres
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
 Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
 Fide, vel oscitantiâ
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus,
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
 Callo tereris institoris infulsi,
 Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüsius fui
 Optat peculî, numeròque justo
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta

6
nt data virûm monumenta curæ:

que adytis etiam sacris

luit reponi quibus & ipse præfidet

ternorum operum custos fidelis,

quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,

Quàm cui præfuit Iön

Clarus Erechtheides

Opulenta dei per templa parentis

Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica

Ion Actæa genitus Creusâ.

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos

Mufarum ibis amœnos,

Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domuni

Oxoniâ quam valle colit

Delo posthabitâ,

Bifidòque Parnassi jugo:

Ibis honestus,

Postquam egregiam tu quoque fortem

Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.

Illic legéris inter alta nomina

Authorum, Graiæ simul & Latinæ

Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epo.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam ferò placidam sperare jubeo
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi,
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atq; longè
 Turba legentum prava faceffet;
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
 Roüsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistro-
 phis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes
 nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique locis exactè
 respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi
 potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem
 spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici
 monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κῆ-
 ρέων* partim *ἀπολελυμένα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spon-
 dæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quid idem in secun-
 do loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

T H E

Epodes

Vos tandem haud vacui mei laboribus
Quicquid hoc sit ille scilicet incertum

nam sero placidam sperata iubeo

Perfringam iuvendis requiem sedetque iestas

Quas bonus Hercules

Et tota dabit solers hostis

Quocumque lingua prope vagari perit ubi ang long

Torba laetum grave iocundis

At nihili nepotes

Et constant eras

Iudicia totis rebus equiva

Adhibebit integro fin

Tum livore sculto

Si quid meretur sanepossitas fieri

Rosio serenis

Ode tribus constat Strophiis, notissimum Anacrostichon
phis, una deum Epodo clausis, quae tangit omnes
hec veritas nuncio, nec certis ubique hodie exactis
respondent, ita tamen terminans, commodè legendi
potius, quam ad aliquos concipiendi, nos hos terminos
spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici
monostrophium debuerat. Metra pariter sunt, et
eodem patre exaequalia. Phalaecis quae sunt, non
dum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in Iambis
do loco Carillus ad istum fecit.

Epodes T. H. E.

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F I N I S.



8
L.A.

Millon

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